Missionary Memorials

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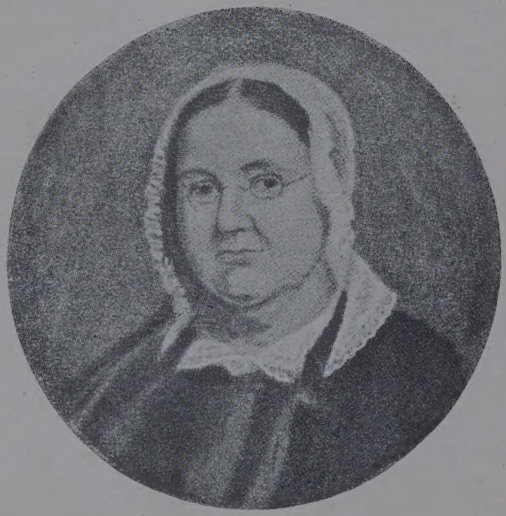

Christiana Mc Coy.

ISAAC McCOY

Early Indian Missions.

ISAAC McCOY—CHRISTIANA McCOY

A Memorial.

By WALTER N. WYETH, D. D.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Lo, the poor Indian!"

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
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Dedication.

TO EMILY WATERMAN-WYETH, M.D., D.D.S.

"LET HER OWN WORKS

PRAISE HER IN THE GATES."

Very Sincerely,

HER HUSBAND.

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Prefatory Note.

THIS, the sixth of the "Missionary Memorials," synchronizes with the numbers of the series preceding it, while it relates to circumstances and experiences occurring on the American side of the globe. The one national society of the period which is covered by this narrative, the Baptist Triennial Convention, contemplated the work of missions on both hemispheres. The aborigines of America were embraced in its survey and benefactions almost as early as were foreign nations. Yet, the subject of this memorial, Rev. Isaac McCoy, experienced a longing to labor for their salvation—a call of the Spirit—ere an organized effort by his denomination had been made in their behalf. He was the pioneer, the Judson of the West, who enjoys the honor of arousing the people of God, and of the land generally, to their duty to a neglected and misused race.

This volume has been prepared from authentic materials. The assigned limits prevented a full use of the descriptive matter, while documents of historic value are left to those who have time and taste for them. The author is glad to have been the one to bring from obscurity the annals of a most important time and movement. Mr. McCoy's valorous doing for the Red Man must rank among the most heroic endeavors in our modern church activities, and the story of it will engage the attention and touch the heart of both old and young.

W. N. W.

3920 Fairmount Ave.,
Philadelphia, Pa., May 1, 1895.

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No heathen people upon earth ever presented so few obstacles to the introduction of Christianity, useful customs, and righteous laws, as the Aborigines in their native condition. The absence of a constituted mythology left their minds partly as a blank on which to write the precepts of the Gospel; their poverty prepared them for the admission of better customs in common life; and the equality which prevailed among all, prepared them for the adoption of laws securing the rights of all.—ISAAC MCCOY, A. D. 1835, after twenty years among them.

ISAAC McCOY.

I.

The Wild West—*OPENING OF THE CENTURY.*

"INDIANS" and "Indiana" are names that have something in common. The first belongs to a people and the second to a state—to dwellers and their dwelling place. The Indians long inhabited the country before it was formed into a state; how long, no one can tell. They were encountered by the earliest white immigrants wherever the latter undertook to make settlements. Europeans sought the good lands, the living streams, and the best-timbered forests, and found the North American (the name that represents the Indian's nativity) already occupying them. The choices of the two were alike, and based upon the desirableness of the country as a habitation for human beings; a fact showing similarity of nature and destiny.

Indiana was a home of Indians, as its name imports. In the beginning it was an unnamed portion of this great continent, and was very near to the country's heart. Afterward it was mapped into a large section, becoming, in 1787, a part of the immense domain known as the Northwest Territory; and after not

many years (in 1800 A. D.) the state of Ohio having been formed of the eastern side, it assumed such prominence in the remainder as to give to the whole a new and its own name—*Indiana Territory*. Ere long this territory was divided into four states, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, which stand forth to-day in marvelous and rapidly increasing greatness.

Indiana was destined to become specially historic in the settlement of its lands and by conflicts of the settlers with the Indians for possession. Questions of peace and security were always before the contestants, with oft-deferred hope of final decision. The accoutrements of rude warfare were a part of the outfit of life —of house and field, of the journey and the assembly for worship. Next to food was ammunition; both were precious and hard to procure. The rifle was kept in order, was always loaded, and easily snatched from its hooks on the wall at the instant of an alarm.

The Wabash River was one of the Indian's delights, and, though bearing afar a repulsive name because of the diseases that seemed to lurk along its course, it was sought, for the fertility of its lands, by the early seekers of homes in the West. Rising in northwestern Ohio it takes a westerly course through Indiana, turning to southwest and finally to south along the western side, and for one half the length of the state forming the dividing line between it and Illinois. Its length is five hundred and fifty miles, and the lands it drains are among the richest of the continent. Its "bottoms" rarely fail to yield mighty harvests of corn (sometimes called "Indian corn"), while game

has receded from its borders. Industries came and located on its banks, giving rise to numerous thrifty towns and cities. Of such centers twelve are now county seats, two of them ranking as second and third cities in the state. The oldest inhabitants of the commonwealth and their posterity are found along this noted water course in thrift and opulence.

Early in the present century (the nineteenth) there appeared in the Wabash Valley a remarkable man, destined to be famous among the aborigines, and to be recognized by the Government of the United States, while acting as a factor in the Baptist denomination, of which he was a conspicuous member. It was ISAAC McCOY. He was born in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, June 13, 1784. His father, being in the period of drift toward newer settlements westward, removed his family to Kentucky, whither many came from Virginia and the East. The lad was then but six or seven years of age. He very soon developed a fondness for books, and an aversion to evil and all the means conducing to it. The first serious impressions concerning sin and salvation were produced by remonstrances and tender counsel from his mother. His mental and moral elevation above the youth of his acquaintance gave him distinction among them, and he had no ties among sinners that made it difficult for him to become a Christian. Yet Satan was determined not to let him go, as shown in the several weeks of suffering and striving to be released from his bondage, and to come into the liberty of the Gospel, which he experienced. His conversion occurred in his seventeenth year—in 1800.

The experiences attending his call to the ministry were among the peculiar circumstances that have characterized the "call" in all periods, but not in every case. With this irresistible voice there came an unmistakable finger-point to a certain field; no human being suggesting it, and everybody indifferent except his parents, who looked upon his choice of a place with distrust. In his autobiography he says: "I not only felt an impression to preach, but I felt strong impressions to publish salvation to the inhabitants of Vincennes. I could not account for these impressions, as I was an entire stranger to the place, and knew but little of it by information, and the accomplishment of such a thing seemed impracticable."

A strange phenomenon, not unlike that in the conversion of Saul of Tarsus, occurred to him on a dark, misty day, as he was at work in the woods. A bright light shone about him, as if emanating from an object in the west. Supposing it to be due to a sudden appearance of the sun, he turned quickly to take the time of day, but it had vanished. His duty to Vincennes, which lay westward, being constantly in mind, he interpreted the sign as signifying the will of God. He went aside again to pray, and thereafter had no doubt whatever as to his duty. So carefully did he cherish his impressions that, when making an engagement of marriage, "in settling the match he told her that he must move directly to Vincennes."

In 1803 he was married to Christiana Polke, whose mother and three of her children had once been taken captive by the Indians, carried to the region of the

northern lakes, and there held in captivity for several years. They had been left in a fort in Nelson County, Ky., by the husband and father while he was off on an expedition against Indians; and only through his vigilant and persistent exertions were they finally found and rescued from their bondage. To run ahead of the story, Mrs. McCoy became a missionary, with her husband, to the identical tribe, the Ottawas, that had produced such suffering in her father's family.

Six months after his marriage (in 1804) Mr. McCoy removed to Vincennes, the capital of, and the oldest town of importance in, the Northwest Territory, located on the left bank of the Wabash River. It was a French trading-post as early as 1710, and a colony was established there later, which lived peacefully with the Indians. Finding there a sickly climate, and no opening for preaching, he removed east, and settled in Clarke County, Ind., where was located the Silver Creek Baptist Church, the oldest of its denomination in the state. To this church his father, Rev. William McCoy, ministered for some years while yet living in Kentucky, and to its locality ultimately removed, continuing to be its minister. By it Isaac was licensed to preach, in, perhaps, the twenty-fourth year of his age, and immediately he entered with zeal upon his chosen calling. His license restricted him to the bounds of the church for two years; after that period the church gave him a written license to preach wherever he pleased.

But Mr. McCoy did not forget his first choice of a home. The peculiar leading he had followed, and the evidences given that the place of his previous sojourn

was to be the theater of his ministry, the same inclination that drew him before to "the Wabash country" was revived when he committed himself to the work of preaching the Gospel, and no fears of sickness quieted the irresistible longing he felt to return. After only three years' residence in Clarke County he removed again to the Wabash, a twelve days' journey (one hundred and twenty miles), and settled at Major William Bruce's, eight miles northeast from Vincennes. There, for almost one year, he followed wheel-making. This trade, which he had learned from his father, was quite profitable in the early periods of the country—the manufacture of spinning-wheels in particular—and the skill with tools thus acquired was of great advantage to him in many hard places in life.

Soon after settling he united with a Baptist Church named Wabash, not on the records of the Missionary Baptists. Then he purchased fifty-four acres of land on Maria Creek, and settled upon it. Soon afterward Maria Creek Baptist Church was formed, and with it he became identified as constituent member and pastor. It has existed from 1809, and is known far and near—a prominent country church. In this, his first and only pastorate, he continued for about eight years, uniting with its duties frequent and long missionary tours "from Kentucky on the east to Missouri on the west, and to the extreme limit of immigration on the north."

During the same period he experienced a temporary infatuation for authorship, especially in the line of poetry, for which he had some talent, but not sufficient education and experience. As in other and

similar cases, he found abundant encouragement from others to proceed with an outlay of his time and money, while the trial of his wings was succeeded by disappointment, loss of feathers, failure.

As pastor of Maria Creek Church he revealed and developed those traits of character that are fundamental to a pioneer and missionary. Indians were numerous in the land, and as the white settlers were becoming numerous in a greater ratio, there naturally developed in the suspicious minds of the red men a jealousy and fear of their white neighbors that nothing could effectually suppress. War came on—the war of 1812—and the Indians were very uncertain as allies, and dreadfully dangerous as foes. There was no protection from their savagery except in armed defense, and to this there was universal resort. Public worship was held amidst arms and sentry, and the block-house was often the temporary abode of families, Mr. McCoy's having been one of them.

In common with others of his time, Mr. McCoy not only learned the modes of defense, but also cultivated courage and adaptation to circumstances, thus qualifying himself for the career before him. Mr. Joseph Chambers, a member of the church, and an intimate friend during his pastorate, writes of him: "Mr. McCoy had all the elements of a soldier, and there were circumstances in his history that were well fitted to develop them. He was reared in Kentucky, in most troublous times, when the utmost vigilance and energy were often required for personal defense and preservation. During the early part of the war of 1812 we all lived together at a fort in this place, when I had abundant opportunities of seeing

that he was not afraid of the face of man. . . . . With his rifle he used to lead us on in pursuit of the Indians, and took it with him also to the house of God, never knowing but that the service would be interrupted by a hostile attack. For two or three years it was customary for those who attended public worship to carry their arms with them."

While engaged in a ministry to his own race he had a yearning to do something for the religious welfare of those against whom he stood constantly armed. He came to believe that the spirit of war was at variance with the spirit of religion. The problem of their evangelization must have been ever before him, for his mind ripened into a purpose and a plan that resulted in a long personal service to them, and signalized the opening of an era of Baptist missions in this country.

As a part of his preparation for the great work of his life he learned to "endure hardness" while a minister at Maria Creek. "The church was very small and poor, and he was obliged to labor a large part of the time with his own hands for the support of his family. . . Besides acting as our sentinel, he mended our farming implements for us, which he was very well able to do, as he had early learned the trade of a wheelwright."—*Chambers.*

Losses, illnesses, and embarrassments of many kinds had seriously affected his mind, and he joined himself to an expedition against skulking and menacing savages "in order to divert a mind overcharged with grief." This measurably relieved him, but brought no lasting satisfaction. Thereafter I became "very desirous," he says, "to see the cause of God and religion pros-

per, and, being circumscribed in my religious duties, I became restless and uneasy. My mind became studious on the subject to try to find some method by which my sphere might be enlarged. At length I conceived the plan of forming a Society for Missions. This idea with me was original. Notwithstanding the system had existed for many years in the New England States, such was the obscurity of my situation that I had never heard of it. My attention had been attracted by foreign mission societies, but from these I could not hope ever to derive any support, more than the gratification they afforded of seeing the blessed Gospel of Jesus spreading itself through the whole earth. Having lived several years in this frontier country, and having a knowledge of the destitute condition of many places, and the great need of preaching generally, I concluded that it would not be foreign to the general mission cause for these western regions to turn their attention, in part, to the destitute immediately under their notice. I had no sooner conceived the plan than I felt pretty much transported with the idea."

He then communicated with his wife and others on the subject, and being under appointment to prepare a Circular Letter for the Wabash Association he made home missions the topic. The plan he had devised was presented to Silver Creek Association, Indiana, and to Long Run Association, Kentucky, and gained an unexpected degree of acceptance. The latter body was unanimously in its favor, a circumstance which affected him so deeply that he could not refrain from tears of joy. Wabash Association also adopted it, and chose him to be its missionary.

II.

First Things—*ENTERING THE INDIAN COUNTRY.*

THUS the time came when the great work of his life was to be commenced. He was fully prepared for it, so far as the means of preparation were at hand. The way was obscure. No organized effort had been made for the Indians in the West—no society formed, no individual hearts turned toward the Red Men in any known plans for saving their souls, except that the American Board of Commissioners had just begun efforts for the Cherokees east of the Mississippi. He was the pioneer among Baptists, and began without the lamp of experience, yet with as determined a mind and as brave a spirit, united to the fullest consecration of himself and all he possessed to the object, as ever characterized a Christian man. His good wife was in full accord, and thenceforth they had no interest apart from the interests of the neglected Indians.

The sympathy he obtained from Maria Creek Church was mostly personal rather than missionary. Mr. Chambers, always recognized as first in counsel and in support, says: "Well do I remember going, by request, to his house, to join him in prayer just before his removal to the Indian country. A few years before, we had both been defending ourselves and our families, with our rifles, against the invasion of the

Indians, and now he was going to plant himself down among them, with his wife and seven small children, in the hope of becoming the instrument of their salvation. I will not dissemble that, in the weakness of my faith, I feared that he had fallen upon a Utopian scheme."

Peace had been concluded with the Indians. No, not "concluded," except in form; nor has there been a permanent cessation of hostilities to the present day. And yet safe conditions were so far assured as to justify new calculations, based upon a reasonable hope of freedom from trouble. Mr. McCoy had been inclined to engage in missions to the white settlers along the Mississippi River, whom he had already visited, and whose destitution of Christian privileges awakened his sympathy. But a further consideration turned his face eastward and northward, and he followed the leading desire of his heart in going to the Indians. The Board of the Baptist Triennial Convention (now Missionary Union) gave him an appointment for one year, with limitation of territory to a number of counties in Indiana and Illinois.

He found himself hampered by his limitations of time and space; yet, while wavering as to the utility of an effort under the conditions, he was finally encouraged to proceed by the mere suggestion of an unconverted man—so rare was a word in favor of the mission—that "something should be undertaken for the Indians." Then he resolved that, the Lord willing, he would make an effort to establish a mission, and employ the remainder of his life and labors in the promotion of their temporal and eternal welfare.

The first year was quite unsatisfactory to himself. Indian affairs moved tardily, and he followed the will of the Board in giving some time to the white people. Still, to prove his sincerity, and to hasten matters, he purchased a small tract of land a little without the white settlement and as near to the Indians as he could get, and upon it erected two log cabins, to be used for the accommodation of the family and a school. But his commission soon expired; the year ended, and he was not settled, and was without a promised support.

With firm resolution he took his family and worldly goods and set out for the mission premises. "Our separation from our church," he says, "was affectionate — such as might be expected after a happy connection of eight years. On the evening preceding our departure a meeting for prayer was held at our house, which was attended by many. We had previously consulted the church of which we were members, and had obtained its approbation of our course." The family started October 27, 1818, and arrived at the mission station three days thereafter, a distance of ninety miles. The mission was planted in the locality of Montezuma, Indiana, on Raccoon Creek, within the Wabash valley, and yet in the wilderness. It was difficult to obtain assistance, and the most rigid economy was indispensable. A gentleman, Mr. C. Martin, though an avowed disbeliever of the Scriptures, was hired to teach, confidence in his honor being entertained, and found to be well placed. School work started slowly.

The tribes with which Mr. McCoy came into imme-

diate contact were the Wea, Miami, and Kickapoo, with a mixture of others. He could not use their dialects, and required interpreters; in some cases two, one from English to French, and the other from French to the native Indian. The interpreters, likewise, were Roman Catholics, which added to the embarrassment. He did not find sympathy in them. Those who at first appeared to be friendly afterward became unfriendly, and refused to interpret anything relating to the subject of religion; the Indians becoming "cool and distant" also, and, no doubt, through their influence. His first attempt to secure attention to the mission and favor for it was met by the experience thus indicated, at a meeting of tribes for several days, called by the United States agent. At the same time he witnessed more fully than ever before the miseries brought upon them by the ardent spirits furnished by the whites, and returned to his home "sad enough." He seemed likely to interpret his disappointment and dejection in a way to divert him from the work undertaken, but soon recovered, and increased his efforts.

Some of his experiences, oft-repeated in subsequent years and with increased severity, now begin. He makes a long tour among the Delawares, eastward about two hundred miles, to extend his acquaintance, to obtain pupils for his school, and to ascertain where and how he might most successfully labor for their temporal and spiritual benefit. He takes the teacher, Mr. Martin, with him, leaving his wife and little children in unfinished cabins, and far from any one at all interested in them, and while as yet no assurance of support had been given by the Board. The two start

on a small path through the forest, which they lose and with difficulty recover. At night made a shelter of bark, which they happened to find at an old deserted Indian camp. Hobbled their horses by tying their fore legs together, which, however, did not prevent them from attempting to return. Next night, slept on the ground without shelter; horses found grazing so poor that they were determined to make a retreat, requiring two unpleasant jaunts in the darkness and brush to recover them. Third night, slept in a deserted Indian camp, after hiring an Indian in the daytime to put them on their path. Fourth night was spent with a Christian family, providentially found. Fifth, rode all day along White River, through rain and snow, and at night, when the storm was still more severe, took shelter in a deserted wigwam and there prepared their suppers. Horse became uneasy and dissatisfied with wind and snow and "nothing to eat except brush," and it became necessary to tie his hind legs together, instead of the fore legs, as usual. Sixth, emerged from the Indian country along a narrow path, through a brushy wilderness, with the bushes laden with snow, having little for themselves and less for their horses to eat; had two days' journey over exceedingly bad roads of mud and ice.

Having traveled about two hundred miles and obtained some satisfactory interviews respecting Indian interests, they returned to the mission with much the same experience on the way as they had in going out, "journeying mercies," perhaps, as they were cared for by the Father of Mercies while they slept on frozen ground and crossed dangerous streams, and

were often at a loss as to the right way. Mr. McCoy was seized with fever, attended with some delirium, and not without difficulty could he sit upon his horse. On arriving at home he found his wife almost blind with sore eyes, and very lonely, and he was obliged to take his room (cabin) which he could not leave for about one month.

On the return trip Mr. McCoy and Mr. Martin called upon and were entertained by the principal chief of the Delawares, who gave expression to his grief at the manner in which the United States had treated his people, yet manifested sincere friendship for his visitors and their cause. They were interested in observing one of the customs of the tribe. "Fifteen women were carrying firewood to the chief's door, from a distance of half a mile or more. They carried enormous loads, tied together with leather ropes and swung upon their shoulders like a soldier's knapsack. At one time an old man addressed them in a speech of about fifteen minutes' length, which I was sorry that I could not understand. When their labor was completed they partook of a plentiful meal, and each carried away a small present of food."—*McCoy*.

In January, 1819, while Mr. McCoy was still confined to his house, a school was opened, composed of six pupils from the frontier white settlers, and one Indian, of the Brothertown tribe—the latter being boarded and clothed gratuitously. An epidemic of measles broke out, which, with other afflictions, and the want of missionary associates, and, more especially, the silence of the Board as to help, greatly

depressed the infant mission. But promise of patronage soon came from the Board and cheered the toilers.

Mr. McCoy now made two unsuccessful efforts to obtain an instructor in the Miami tongue, and was disconcerted in his plans by a change in the Miami Agency, making it necessary for him to form an acquaintance with the new officer. In May he determined to make another tour through the Delaware country, and, after some difficulty, succeeded in securing the services of a worthless Indian of the Wea tribe, Waupungea, alias John, to accompany him. Neither could speak the other's language satisfactorily, and they employed head and hands in communicating with each other by the way. John was sprightly in making fires, but his cooking was not to be tolerated by a sensitive stomach. Bread was carried in sacks, and ofttimes it was in almost violent demand by the natives, making flight from some localities necessary. One breakfast consisted of "hot water thickened with a little flour, and slightly sweetened."

This tour had its strange and unwelcome experiences. On the first day they had rain, and the "very small path" led through bushes that discharged their stores of water upon them continually. The second day brought similar experiences, to which was added the loss of their flint and punk, which John, in his anger, threw away—because, being wet, he could not strike fire. They came upon villages and squads of natives—some riding, some running, some in houses hideously singing and howling—all in a state of beastly intoxication, and showing what the mission-

ary would be compelled to meet in his work. The subsequent two days were rainy also, and they were obliged to "lodge on the floor among Indians and dogs, and the vermin which infest both."

Here they met the obstruction that attended the negotiations for removal of the Indians to the West. The chief of the Delawares was cordial but doleful. He anticipated removal of the tribe beyond the Mississippi, and was laboring with "the Great Council of the Seventeen Fires" (Congress) to obtain assurance that, if removed, it would have a clear title to its lands, and be free from annoyance by the whites. Hence, he could only say that, when fully settled, he would be glad to send for the missionary, and have the children instructed, adding: "At this time nothing can be done. *I wish you to notice that.*" Mr. McCoy noted the emphasis, and drew his conclusion accordingly.

His perseverance led him to hold further consultation with the Delawares, followed by a council with the Miamis at a small town on the opposite side of White River, on the bank of which they seem to have been camping. The Miamis treated him with formal courtesy, seating him on a bench with the chief speaker, with whom he smoked, the chief drawing the first half of the contents of his pipe and the missionary the other. The others sat around on the earth, mats, logs, etc. Nothing special came of this interview at the time, and, after preparing supplies for their journey, Mr. McCoy being careful not to permit John to knead the bread, the two started away the next morning, swimming their horses beside

a canoe in recrossing White River. On the subsequent day the missionary's horse sank in a mire, and he was obliged to go through it without him, but afterward, with John's assistance, he recovered him.

On reaching Eel Town, the debauchery, on account of whisky, was such he determined to pass on, but was overtaken by the principal chief, Stone-Eater, and induced to return for a council. Halting at some tents, pitched in the shade of trees, Stone-Eater rode about and collected his chiefs and others, and all were seated in a circle on the ground. A *talk* was commenced, the reply to each sentence being Ho-o. But the inevitable bottle was brought on, and, with the intoxication already on, the condition became so bad that the council could not proceed.

Mr. McCoy found some difficulty in managing his man John, who was likely to become intoxicated at any opportunity, and who tried an expedient for stealing his horse. The missionary's wits were about him at all times, and, taken with his moral courage, rendered him equal to all emergencies. He joined his family again on the 5th of June. In August he was taken sick; his son also shortly after, and the life of each was despaired of. But after two months of confinement—the physician being ninety miles away—he felt that business required him to go to Vincennes, and he went, though so feeble that he was obliged to lie down frequently for rest. He was absent more than a month, and returning, suffered a relapse that boded certain death.

This "dark providence" was relieved by ultimate recovery, though his friends felt that it would be a

mercy in God to take him to Himself, that there might be "no more pain" for him to endure. Meantime Mr. Martin, the teacher, who had been a confirmed deist, became concerned for himself, and fell on his knees at the bedside of the sufferer, became a Christian, and was baptized at the mission house by the noted Rev. Wilson Thompson, of Ohio, who, with Rev. Asa Frakes, of Indiana, was there at the time of the missionary's affliction. Mr. Martin, soon after his baptism, left the mission, and preached the Gospel among the white people for several years, and with good acceptance. At this time, likewise, six Indian children were received into the family, making eight, which was a felt gain to the mission.

Mr. Martin's successor in the mission was Mr. Johnston Lykins, employed under similar circumstances, not being a professor of religion. He also espoused the cause of Christ, and became a missionary, and continued in the Indian work to December 1, 1842, when he resigned—a service of twenty years. To Mr. McCoy the employment of the unconverted was felt to be objectionable, but not so much so as to cause rejection of the only offer of service received; and the latter case was "the less discouraging on account of the favor shown in the conversion of the first teacher."

Mr. McCoy had a strong desire to remove to the country of the Miamis, and so made much exertion to obtain a knowledge of their language. In this being baffled he took up the study of the Delaware, but not being able to devote to it more than one hour in twenty-four, he made little progress. His instructor's fam-

ily was taught improved housekeeping, with some of the minor arts, such as knitting, by Mrs. McCoy.

The Government, as ever, was giving attention to Indian affairs, and now was providing for the removal of the tribes beyond the Mississippi, and for what it called "Indian reform"; appropriating for the latter ten thousand dollars, to be expended "in conjunction with the labors of benevolent societies." Mr. McCoy was alert, early taking active interest in the removal and colonization of the tribes, which, he believed, would thus be more free from demoralization by the whites and be in a better situation to receive instruction. He adhered to this conviction, but toiled on in the existing circumstances, accepting such a situation of affairs as at any time he might meet, and inclining to favor Government aid.

The Miami agency had been established at Fort Wayne, at the confluence of the Maumee and St. Mary's rivers, with Dr. Turner as agent. And Mr. McCoy, being very anxious to get a more eligible site, and being unable to visit the agency, sent Mr. Lykins to it on an errand of consultation. The missionaries desired to settle on the Mississinewa, but the agent declared that their property and lives would there be in constant peril, through the intoxication of the natives, and inducements were offered them for settling at Fort Wayne. Mr. McCoy determined to see the agent, and, employing Silk Hembus, a Delaware, to accompany him, made the trip with the following experiences: Lost the small path and traveled the first day without any trail. Second day, Hembus' horse gave out, and he was obliged to walk and drive him.

Third, left Hembus' horse, having first tied his fore-legs together with bark, so that he might not wander far away, and having hid his saddle and bridle in a hollow tree. The blankets he carried with him. This parting of company made Mr. McCoy's horse uneasy and difficult to manage. He got away the succeeding night, and was not found until the day following. On the third day of walking, Hembus gave out and they encamped before night. Next day sought an unfamiliar crossing of the Mississinewa, to avoid a drunken company of Miamis, Hembus going before with the horse to test the stream and driving him back for Mr. McCoy's passage.

Hembus now gave out, and there were still sixty miles of travel to Fort Wayne, with swollen streams to pass; but he consented to proceed to the residence of an acquaintance, son of Pishewa, chief, whom he found asleep, from a drunken revel, which was still going on, and whom he impatiently eyed through a small hole in the wall until he awoke. This man was induced to accompany Mr. McCoy, and, though obliged to swim their horses across the Wabash and St. Mary's, themselves crossing in a canoe, they reached Fort Wayne in safety. Hembus, by agreement, met Mr. McCoy at the Wabash on his return, to aid him in crossing the river, which was "swimming deep." He proved his fidelity by waiting, and, notwithstanding the missionary's misgivings, he was heard halooing for him in the woods on the opposite side, as he approached, a day after the time appointed.

Proceeding homeward, they immediately lost their way and were nearly one half day in getting right,

Hembus, being afoot, meantime tired again, but on the second day reached the place where he had left his horse. Ten days had elapsed, and the horse's tracks were not readily followed, yet after a search of four hours he was found, hobbled as he had been left; also the saddle and bridle, with nothing missing except a little storage, which some wild animal had taken for his stomach's sake.

This journey resulted in a change of base. Mr. McCoy perseveringly sought permission to settle at the Miami villages on the Mississinewa, but finally was persuaded by the agent and the Miami chief to remove to Fort Wayne, a central point for trading and making acquaintance with the several tribes. Buildings and garden were offered to him, without charge; and as confidence in the interest of the Christian public was not sufficient to justify an expectation of recruits and means for erecting buildings, he resolved to accept the offer. The number at the mission had increased and Mrs. McCoy was overworked and "seemed to be sinking with fatigue and anxiety."

III.

Fort Wayne—*REMOVAL; EXCURSIONS; ROUGH FARE.*

TWO years and nearly six months had passed since Mr. McCoy entered upon this missionary enterprise, and if he had done no more than to give proof of his sincerity, courage, and sympathy for the debased Indians, his course would have deserved approval, and himself merited honor. He had accomplished as much as is usually effected in the first years of a mission, wherever introduced and whoever the people. Desiring to know those to whom the Spirit had sent him, he had taken the jaunts described at the risk of health and life, both of himself and his family. And now, bating not one jot of heart or hope, he starts anew, not knowing what "bonds and afflictions" await him. He was acting upon judicious counsel, having surrendered his own desire and intention, after full opportunity to present his reasons. His heart had drawn him in one direction, the Indian officials in another; and the latter prevailed.

In the spring of 1820 there was a bustle of preparation for removal. It was not with the exhilaration that often attends a new expedition, but after delays caused by serious sickness that followed a ten days'

jaunt to Vincennes, amid great fatigue and exposure, and also under heavy disappointment because of failing to secure Dr. John M. Peck as a co-worker, as expected. This great pioneer, who felt called to labor for the early white settlers of the Mississippi Valley, regarded the Indians with special interest. So early as 1818 he addressed Rev. Dr. Daniel Sharp, of Boston, in these explicit words: "For four years I have been making inquiries respecting the Indians, particularly to find out the *difficulties* that appear in the way of the introduction of Christianity among them; and I must candidly confess they have disappeared, one after another, till it now appears equally as practicable to carry on a mission amongst the Indians as amongst any wandering, unlettered tribes."

On the 3d of May, 1820, the mission school and family left their grounds and the scenes of their first trials for a farther remove from church and friends. Maria Creek had been ninety miles behind, and to this distance was to be added one hundred and eighty miles, thrusting them into strange and trying circumstances as they journeyed and at the journey's end. A bateau, containing most of their movables and five Indian children, loosed from Fort Harrison, and proceeded up the Wabash River, pushed, or poled, by four men. On the 4th, the following day, Mr. McCoy started for the same destination by land. He left his first two children at different places in the state—a kind of parting with which missionaries are familiar. Taking his wife and six of their children, an Indian boy, and a hired man, with Mr. Lykins, he bravely led the little company through the thickets and Indian

villages, exposed continually to rainstorms and savage raids. Horseback seems to have been the mode of traveling. Fifteen head of cattle and forty-three swine were driven. The first night was rainy, making lodgement on the ground, among wet bushes and weeds, very disagreeable, for the women and children especially. And unpleasantness, arising from curiosity, impudence, brawling, and unfaithfulness on the part of the Indians, was their experience all the way. In one instance Mr. McCoy and Mr. Lykins halted the company, and went ahead to seek protection through an acquaintance among the Miamis, mentioned heretofore. Mr. McCoy tried to conceal from his wife his journal of observation and experience for that day, lest she should be afraid to proceed; but during a second absence, for the same purpose, she searched up the diary, with which to alleviate her loneliness, and met the entry. She was dauntless, however, and, after getting under way again, they were met by two guards, sent out by the friendly Indian they had sought, to aid them in passing the dangerous settlements.

After a march of eleven days through the forest, they reached Fort Wayne, having witnessed distressing sights and endured much hardship on the way, all calculated to create aversion to or to excite sympathy for the degraded natives. A few days later the boat arrived, and all were soon housed in the public buildings, and were granted two acres of ground also, already plowed, to be used for a garden.

"At Fort Wayne," says Mr. McCoy, "was a little village of traders, and of persons in the employ of the

Government, as interpreters, smiths, etc., some of whom were French, of Canadian and Indian descent. The nearest settlements of white people were in the State of Ohio, and nearly one hundred miles distant. . . . On the 29th of May, only two weeks after arriving, our school was opened. I was myself teacher—Mr. Lykins having returned to the settlements on the Wabash. We commenced with ten English scholars, six French, eight Indians, and one negro. . . . We had opportunities daily of conversing with Indians of different tribes. . . . The Indian children were clothed, fed, and lodged at the expense of the mission; they fed at the same table with my own family." This course was conciliatory, and ever afterward pursued. It was not long until a baptism was enjoyed—that of a lady in the agent's family, sister to his wife, who also was converted. These were "first fruits."

It soon became necessary to make a journey to Ohio for materials and supplies. A Frenchman was hired to accompany Mr. McCoy. They succeeded, bringing a two-horse wagon, a spinning-wheel, with raw materials, etc., and a religious young woman to assist in domestic affairs. The missionary found opportunity to do wayside work, while he had a lesson of experience in roughing it. He says: "I enjoyed the satisfation of preaching several times while on this journey, and once to a little few in a remote place who seldom indeed enjoyed the privilege of public worship. The way was chiefly a wilderness. Water at that time was very scarce; we often had to drink of filthy ponds, and even from puddles in the road. Much of the way I had

to drive the team myself, while the Frenchman looked out the way among the trees and brush. We became much exhausted with heat and fatigue, and I came home sick."

The Board of the Convention, having acquiesced in the removal, paid the missionary a specific salary the first year. The second year, allowances were made for reported expenses; but this plan caused delays, confusion, and misgivings as to the needs of the mission —the Board not realizing the expensiveness of everything—and occasioned some distress in the mission family. And yet the benevolence of the mission caused suspicion on the part of natives; it being supposed to be wealthy and to have some designs on its patrons in the east. Thus it was carried on amid discouragements of many kinds, making the perseverance of the missionaries one of the wonders in missionary history.

Touring appeared to be one of Mr. McCoy's duties. In the autumn, after but about four months of residence at Fort Wayne, it became necessary for him to go again to Vincennes, now two hundred and seventy miles distant. He sought to do good as he found opportunity on the way. He effected a settlement of the affairs of the mission on the Wabash, selling the land and few remaining effects, and accounting for all to the Board, to which they belonged. In returning he took the son and daughter he had left, and entered the wilderness with them, encountering rain, mud, and snow, as before, and witnessed new things in the lives and customs of the natives, calculated to excite his sympathy and missionary zeal.

In his absence six Indian youths had been added to the mission family, making twenty-six. With the assistance of his overworked wife he had the full care and instruction of this company of wild creatures, and, therefore, he could do but little toward acquiring a knowledge of the language. He was overjoyed, later, to welcome a new missionary, Mr. Samuel Hill, from Philadelphia; but disappointment soon followed, as he despaired of success, and left—"not calculated to manage thirty-two wild Indian youths just from the woods." Another young man was hired, who taught but a few days before he became discouraged and quit. But reliable relief came by the accession, again, of Mr. Martin, who took charge of the school for a time.

Life in the mission was uniformly disappointing, yet not without some increase of usefulness. The assembling of the tribes to receive their annuities was a hoped-for opportunity to make known the nature of the work undertaken and to allay some of the prejudice that existed; but as soon as paid the Indians engaged in drunken revelry, continuing many days, and the occasion did not admit of the benefit. The sick were brought to the mission and cared for. Mr. and Mrs. McCoy were also sick, and "needed little else for the restoration of health than suitable food and a little rest. But," says he, "our greatest distress was lest for want of missionary and pecuniary aid, the children of our charge, and everything else, would exhibit such a ragged and ordinary appearance that the institution would become contemptible in the eyes of the Indians."

The case was now coming to desperation—children

suffering from cold, by day and by night, money gone and debts accumulating, breadstuff low and boiled corn substituted until it cloyed, some sick and Mrs. McCoy sinking under her burdens. Mr. McCoy saw it to be necessary for him to take another jaunt to Ohio, to procure supplies and female help, to save the enterprise from failure and the cause of religion from disgrace. He pleaded with God for help and guidance as he started off to seek sympathy among strangers, and found that his reliance had been well placed. He returned with better spirits, having obtained a loan from Mr. Phillips, of Dayton, sufficient to meet existing needs, and purchased three milch cows, a supply of flour, pork, paper, and other articles needed, and hired a woman to assist in domestic labor. But the circumstance that encouraged most was the instruction on the way, and ultimate baptism of a prominent Delaware woman, Mrs. Capt. Shane, who lived forty miles from Fort Wayne.

The missionary never forgot nor ignored the religious ends for which the mission was organized, and seriously regretted the circumstances that continually turned him from the study of the Indian dialects and the word of God, to serve tables. The case was more than an ordinary one; still he talked and preached Christ the most possible, but only by means of an interpreter. At the close of this year, 1820, the school numbered thirty-two pupils.

Three years had elapsed since the opening of this campaign of the Gospel, in behalf of the aborigines. It originated with Mr. McCoy who, on applying for an appointment as missionary, had expressed a desire to

extend his labors to the Indians. The "calling" was not by the Board, but by the Spirit, acting upon his mind and heart, the Board simply acquiescing. Hence the enthusiasm in its prosecution was his; and his the faith and hope.

It was now time that this enterprise, new and so hazardous, should become known and attract sympathy. The journeys of the missionary to Ohio brought the work into notice, and his fidelity amid privations and distresses gave him favor not expected. In a time of extremity he was surprised by a letter from Detroit, advising him that a visit to that city might result in procuring aid from the Government. And he did not wait to discuss the propriety of State aid, but at once set out with the mail-carrier on a jaunt of two hundred miles, in winter, sustained by a hope of obtaining the relief which the Board had failed to furnish. His errand took him directly to Governor Cass, who listened to the story of want with patience and sympathy, and proved his sincerity by furnishing, from the public means, about four hundred and fifty dollars' worth of clothing and food for the Indian scholars. "It was at this time," says Mr. McCoy, "that I commenced arrangements for obtaining help from Government, which, a few years afterward, became the source of the principal part of the support of the mission."

It was an object with him to increase the confidence of the Board in the project he had undertaken, and so, with good business expediency, he sought to magnify it by widening its usefulness, even

at the risk of increasing the indebtedness. His school received all who applied for admission, an enlarging number, hoping that other missionaries would come to its assistance, and fearing that the refusal of children would injure the estimation in which it was held by the Indians. Besides, there was a deep anxiety to save souls, to which end the school was designed to lead.

The trip to Detroit was soon followed by another to Ohio, for private aid. The difficulty at first encountered caused him to search his heart as to the motives through which he had been led into the Indian work, and to inquire as to the dealings of Providence with him since he began it. He gave his patrons a knowledge of the worst features of his case, following the statement with the declaration that he and his wife had consecrated their lives, and all they held dear, to the improvement of the condition of the Indians, and that he wished to be held accountable for all his acts. His piety and ingenuous exhibit of all the "doubtful circumstances" made the right impression, and procured favor and funds.

The mission was being constantly and severely tested in two ways. One was the necessity for borrowing and reborrowing money; obtaining loans with which to pay previous ones. This course, however, saved from serious disappointment those with whom it had dealings, and resulted in no loss to the lenders. The other was by the depression caused through being continually disappointed as to help. One after another entered the mission as teacher, and proved unsuitable or dissatisfied, and remained but a little

time. The fitness of Mr. and Mrs. McCoy constantly stands out in contrast with the succession of failures that occurred during the first few years, and their perseverance proves the power of full consecration.

Hearing that on the Illinois River, one hundred and twenty miles west, a band of Putawatomies was being led by an active exhorter, Menominee, to forsake their evil habits and practice the common virtues, Mr. McCoy felt it a pleasure to encourage him and to seek an interview and ascertain the nature of his teaching. Being invited, Menominee made a journey to Fort Wayne, and remained there several days, preaching and praying, and conversing with the missionary, who felt that though ignorant of the way of salvation he was doing a reformatory work and should be encouraged. He was much elated, and said: "Now I will go home and preach to the people all my life. I will tell them that my father says I tell the truth."

Some sort of a promise seems to have been given Menominee by Mr. McCoy that he would visit his people, and, of course, it was not forgotten. Some Indians came to the mission subsequently, declaring that the promise had excited much interest, and that the people were very impatient, Menominee being so uneasy that he often visited a trading-house, some fifteen miles off, to inquire for the missionary. This circumstance gave him joy, for though the burden of the mission would temporarily fall upon Mrs. McCoy, and his health was scarcely sufficient for the journey, yet there appeared to be an opening for widening the work, with a suggestion as to the propriety of changing base. An important treaty with the tribes was near, and it

would be a suitable occasion to secure a site and conciliate the Indians. The principal Putawatomie chiefs had held several councils upon the mission and had resolved to invite its removal to their country.

Taking three Indians with him, one of them for interpreter and traveling companion (a pupil named Abraham Burnett) he set out for Illinois, with the following not unusual experience: Swam their horses across the St. Mary's River; soon heard of a stabbing affray; encamped near a large pond, under an ordinary tent-cloth, and were visited with heavy showers through the night; "the loons by their mournful screaming, and the large frogs, whose hoarse notes formed a kind of base to a thousand other songsters which inhabited the pond and the woods, gave us music in all the wakeful hours of the night." On the following morning it began to rain as they broke camp and continued all day, with little intermission. Stopping to eat a bite at noon, were visited by a tremendous down-pour. Mr. McCoy sat over his saddlebags, slightly sheltered by a piece of bark, which Abraham brought from an old Indian camp. Encamped early, in order to dry. Another night of rain, but the fatigue of the missionary was so great that neither storm nor swarms of mosquitoes prevented sleep to a late hour of the morning. Next night arrived at the house of a trader. The following day held a council at one of the villages. Business opened, according to custom, by the visitor throwing his tobacco in a heap on the ground, followed by a round of smoking. Education was made the main topic.

The next day, having obtained an Indian pilot, the

party departed for Menominee's village, and was met by the chief and others "with all the signs of joy and gladness which could have been expressed by these poor creatures. Menominee immediately cried aloud to his people, all of whom lived in four little bark huts, informing them that their father had arrived. I was no sooner seated," continues Mr. McCoy, "than men, women, and children came around and gave me their hand. Even infants were brought, that I might take them by the hand.

"A messenger was immediately dispatched to a neighboring village to announce my arrival. Their huts being exceedingly hot and unpleasant, I proposed taking a seat out of doors. The yard was immediately swept, and mats spread for me either to sit or lie upon. We were presently regaled with a bowl of boiled turtles' eggs; next came a kettle of sweetened water for us to drink. I was then shown a large turtle which had been taken in a pond, and asked if I was fond of it. Fearing that, with their cooking, I should not be able to eat it, I replied that I was very fond of corn and beans. This, I knew, was already over the fire, and it was placed before us in one large wooden bowl, and we ate it with wooden ladles."

In a short time the principal chief, Pcheeko, and nearly every person of his village, of whatever age, came and made similar demonstrations. But Menominee was most overjoyed, and he made extraordinary efforts to induce the visitor to settle among his people, that he might stem the evil practices, teach, and preach. The missionary sang and prayed in their wigwams, heard them pray in concert and in their families, and

was much affected by the promise of good. A similar visit was paid to Pcheeko, who manifested the jealousy characteristic of the race, and so, it may be, sought to surpass Menominee by showing his loyalty to our Government in hoisting over his hut the American flag. The departure was very affecting, likewise; all of Menominee's people having been called together for the farewell, and a promise having been obtained that the missionary would visit them again when the leaves began to fall.

It was midsummer, and traveling was made very uncomfortable by the heat and flies, and the filthy pond water, which was strained through handkerchiefs, to clear it of animalculæ, before it could be drunk. At the end of the first day Mr. McCoy, exhausted, lay down on his blanket near a bark hut, where he witnessed the process of "sweating for health." Two men within the hut "poured water upon heated rocks, and placed themselves in the steam which arose, and by this means produced violent perspiration. They commenced with a short song, and then fell into a kind of prayer, of very few words, which was uttered in a sing-song tone, repeated three or four times in a minute. This was kept up without intermission during the whole process of sweating over the heated rocks. Having remained in the sweat-house as long as they desired, they hastened to the river, and, when in profuse perspiration, plunged into it. After remaining in the river a short time, they returned to their tent, and wrapped themselves in blankets."

At the same place they were soon served with a

large wooden bowl of thick soup, made of pounded corn, without grease or salt. The cookery, as usual among the Indians, made the eating next to impossible. They borrowed a kettle and made coffee for themselves, but the kettle proved to be so unclean that even Abraham, the Indian pupil and interpreter, could not drink it. Near by sat an old woman with a carcass of some animal on her lap, and with her four children, eight dogs and a cat. "Puss and the surly curs had some contention about their claims, and, as the supper was likely to be rather scant, some snapping, and at length a heavy fight ensued among the canine guests, who were so incautious in the affray as to tumble over one of the children," with a severe pelting for punishment, and hideous crying all around; an item of missionary "fare" among Indians.

Next day they reached the settlement of Abraham's relatives, half-breeds, where they rested for two days, both sick and infested with the filthy vermin common to Indian lodgings. A daughter of Topenebe, principal chief of the Putawatomies, contributed two of her sons to the school, but they were so nearly naked that they could not travel among the flies and mosquitoes until the missionary procured clothing for them. A third boy was obtained, and two Indians were hired to carry the three thirty miles, as they did, though encountering great peril on the way in an uproar created by whisky.

Mr. McCoy was drawn upon for special kindness to one of a company of cattle-drovers which they met, bound for Chicago. He was very sick and deranged, and it was requested that he be taken back

to Fort Wayne. He was placed upon a horse, his feet tied beneath, and a lusty Frenchman hired to ride behind and hold him on, while one of the mission company led the horse. After five miles of travel in this way it was found necessary to leave him, and Mr. McCoy left instructions as to the care he needed, and how to bleed him with a flint. The attendants attempted to go on with their patient, but the following day they buried him in a hollow made by the roots of a tree blown down by the wind, and covered him with old fallen timber, there being neither axe nor shovel at hand.

The mission party, being obliged to hasten on, in crossing a swamp found it necessary to lighten the burdens of the horses, and carry the luggage across upon their shoulders. They encountered violent storms of wind and rain. The streams were high. In crossing one Mr. McCoy's horse stumbled twice, drenching the rider thoroughly. Reaching the St. Mary's, they ferried with canoes and swam the horses, and thus ended the excursion to the Putawatomies.

IV.

Testing Times—*THE WORK; THE WILDERNESS; FIRST VISIT TO WASHINGTON; VISITING THE PUTAWATOMIES.*

HIS untiring efforts appear, even in sickness. At this time he frequently preached sitting in a chair, and sometimes did his writing while lying in bed. Business increased. While feeding, clothing, lodging, and instructing more than forty Indian youths, assistance was rendered to poor natives in their villages, some of whom, while trying to subsist upon roots, were begging for seeds and a man to assist them in farming.

At the close of the first year, at Fort Wayne, it appeared that the number of pupils had increased from eight to forty-two. The school was not managed without difficulty and disappointment, five different teachers having tried to control the wild youth without success, the sole management having fallen back to the missionary. Mrs. McCoy, meantime, in addition to ordinary domestic duties, taught the larger girls the use of the needle and spinning-wheel. Providence had come to the relief of the mission, in circumstances that greatly increased faith, such as small remittances from societies and individuals, enabling

it to procure something much needed, or to pay a debt intimately affecting its reputation.

During the second summer about thirty acres of corn were cultivated, and hay was mowed on the prairie, in addition to the care of a large garden. This labor, in which missionary and pupils participated, gave to the natives a much-needed lesson in industry and independence.

An important treaty between the United States and the Indians, at Chicago, came on, and the mission was represented by the teacher. It being impossible for Mr. McCoy to attend, he was relieved of his anxiety, in some degree, by counseling with and entrusting the cause of the mission to Colonel Trimble, of Ohio, who called on his way to the council. The hope of the missionary was realized as to a more suitable location. The Putawatomies gave a mile square for mission premises, to be located under direction of the President of the United States, and held by him as Government property. The Government was to place on this section of land a teacher and a blacksmith, and spend in their support $1,000 annually, for fifteen years. And this arrangement was consummated without the use of money, goods, or conscience, in winning the good-will of the savages. A French Romanist stated to the Commissioners that the Indians desired a Catholic teacher, but the statement, so soon as understood by the Indians present, was positively contradicted, and Mr. McCoy declared to be the choice. The Government gave the latter the office, and he held it for years, and until he left that country for the Indian Territory, in 1828.

A similar treaty was effected in behalf of the Ottawas, neighbors to the above, adding a farmer to the grant, with appropriation to correspond, and a considerable number of cattle and farming utensils. Mr. McCoy was made superintendent of these industries for both tribes, and the small salary paid him was accounted for as a gift to the Mission Board. The general enterprise had now obtained prominence, and it naturally became desirable to be connected with it; and Mr. McCoy was much annoyed by applications from the unqualified, and even from the selfish and designing.

As the Government moved slowly, it was one or two years before its benefactions could be enjoyed; yet it gave a confidence as to the support of the mission not otherwise obtained. The work continued at Fort Wayne as before, except that late in the summer the school was suspended on account of prevailing sickness. Mr. McCoy was not spared from the ravages of disease. He sank into a helpless, hopeless, and even unconscious state. But Divine Providence did not fail to regard him, and while there was not a physician within one hundred miles, as he thought, two unexpectedly stepped into his room.

In November he was able to preach, sitting in his chair. The pupils returned from their friends, and the school again began under a temporary teacher. The needs of the mission were such, in all respects, that Mr. McCoy appealed in print for supplies, and wrote to many individuals expressing the want of more missionaries—the most difficult of all wants to meet. Four years had elapsed since his appointment,

and he and his faithful wife were still struggling without an assistant missionary.

The teacher was dismissed on account of drunkenness; and the school boys, to show their contempt for a man who would not treat the institution with respect, "painted their faces, and took sticks, which they handled as guns, and employed an old tin vessel for a drum, and an old candlestick for a drumstick, and, surrounding the room of their wretched master, drummed and danced in Indian style. They wished to be understood that their contempt for him was in proportion to the indignity which they believed he had offered to an institution which they were bound to respect."

It became evident to Mr. McCoy that, in order to secure the advantages of the Chicago treaty, and facilities long desired, he should wait on the Board at Philadelphia, and also visit Washington City. The Board approving, he started on this long and difficult journey December 4, and reached Philadelphia January 1, 1822, on horseback. Dr. Staughton, Corresponding Secretary, and other members of the Board, had gone to Washington to attend the opening of Columbian College. He followed them to the capital, with Mr. John Sears in company, a candidate for appointment as his assistant.

The Board very cordially acquiesced in his plans, which contemplated three missionary stations—one each among the Putawatomies, the Ottawas, and the Miamis. It vested him with authority to select missionaries and assistants, to employ collecting agents, and to obtain aid from the public and the Govern-

ment; also authorized him to leave Fort Wayne whenever he deemed it expedient to do so, and advised him to lay his plans before the Secretary of War, with a view to aid from Government, appointing some of its members to accompany him in so doing. A call was made upon the Secretary, John C. Calhoun, who received him kindly, and favorably responded to his requests, though careful to regard the treaty and the laws.

Returning to Philadelphia, he spent some days there, preaching for Mr. McLaughlin, one of the vice-presidents of the Board, and visiting other members, from all of whom he received assurances of continued and cordial support. Taking leave of these excellent brethren, Dr. William Staughton, Rev. Mr. Ashton, Rev. Mr. Peckworth, and others, he mounted his horse on January 21 for his return journey through the wilderness, which he accomplished, amidst fatigue and illness, in twenty-six days. While consoled by the kindness he had experienced, he was troubled with misgivings as to any actual relief from his heavy responsibilities in the management of the mission. And ere he had joined his beloved family he heard of an abuse to it by a monster Putawatomie, which, twenty years later, he declared to have been "the severest trial he ever experienced in his pilgrimage." He was saved from wreaking the vengeance that belongs unto God by the judicious counsel of the United States Indian agent and his lateness upon the scene, the failure of his horse being the providential cause of detention.

Such was the alternation of encouragement and

depression in this new and hardest of mission fields. The circumstance related above put the family's missionary zeal to a severe test. Mr. McCoy, mighty in deeds, strong of heart, to leave civilized life, social and Christian privileges, to endure hardship, and distresses almost without limit in kind or number, was called to exercise mercy in a way not familiar to him. He must suffer wrong from those for whose good he was denying himself of every earthly comfort. The tale of woe given him on his arrival—of screams from the sufferer, anguish of the mother, tears coursing down the faces of forty pupils—deprived him of resolution, and nearly drove him to distraction. He says: "I was sinking, when the everlasting arms underneath prevented my fall."

On his return he was so unwell as to be unable to preach for eight days. He was cheered by intelligence that two men in Kentucky and one in Indiana would probably join him in the mission, but the correspondence ended, as usual, in disappointment. The school, however, was soon favored by the coming of Mr. Johnston Lykins, who took charge of it, and whose name will hereafter have frequent mention in these annals. During the suspension of the school the young Indians were taught in manual labor — the males in the field and the females in the house. Mr. Kercheval, Indian agent, nobly encouraged the natives to adopt the habits of civilized life, and a positive improvement was undertaken at the forks of the Wabash river.

Affairs at Fort Wayne were assuming a promising appearance. Mrs. McCoy, during her husband's ab-

sence in the East, had received a large drove of swine from Indiana and some cattle from Ohio, which donations were the more encouraging in that they came from localities where "misguided ministers and others were opposing missions with a zeal worthy of a better cause." The loom was put into operation, and cloth manufactured, the yarn being spun by the Indian girls.

It becoming necessary that one of them should go abroad on business, Mrs. McCoy relieved her husband of the jaunt, who, besides being ill, was overwhelmed with duties at the mission. She journeyed through the wilderness on horseback to Ohio, with an infant at the breast, and was compelled one night to encamp in the woods.

The mission journal contains an account of burial customs, which will stand on the page of history with other interesting facts concerning the decaying race of our continent. It states: "Besides the mode of burying the dead in an excavated log, the Indians observe various modes of interment. In some instances the corpse is placed on the surface of the earth, and inclosed with small poles notched closely together. Sometimes the walls are perpendicular, but oftener they incline inward until the longer sides come in contact with each other. In one end is made a small aperture, sufficient to admit a twist of tobacco. The inclosure is sometimes filled with earth. Frequently, in the graves of men, a small wooden post extends a few feet above the tomb, on which notches are cut, or marks are made, each of which indicates a scalp which the deceased in his lifetime had taken

from an enemy, or some other noble deed achieved. Over the graves of chiefs a tall pole is often erected, upon the top of which is suspended a yard or two of cotton cloth—as a flag, which is permitted to remain in that situation until destroyed by wind or weather.

"In 1821, a woman on Wabash river was buried by being seated with the head erect, and was braced up in this attitude, with her face toward a small window in the east end of the inclosure, through which it was designed that she should behold the rising sun. A few years since a Putawatomie who had acquired the name *Tobacco*, from his fondness for that article, desired to be buried in a public place, which travelers would frequently pass, in the hope that by this means he should frequently receive a piece of tobacco, the use of which he said he could not think of discontinuing. He was interred in a log, and, agreeable to his request, was deposited in the forks of a road between Detroit and Chicago.

"A man on the Wabash was buried standing, with the whole body erect, and the feet placed on the surface of the earth. Before his death he requested to be interred in this attitude, with his face towards a coal mine, near which he was placed for the purpose of guarding it"—guarding it against the encroaching white people.

The Board had entered on the experience of trying to obtain assistant missionaries. Already it had appointed two, neither of whom sustained expectation as to their fitness and continuance in the work. All around the fields were white unto the harvest. The

mission had attracted the attention of neighboring tribes, and it was being visited by some with a view to securing its removal. The Miamis, for example, who had spurned the offers of the institution to attempt their improvement—minds, hearts, and hands—now endeavored to effect the location of it among them, urging the advantages of their country. And yet, after four and a half years, the laborers were not only few, but even fewer than at one time. There was but one Isaac McCoy—one to discern, and do, and persevere, with the best of wives at his right hand.

Another visit to the Putawatomies seemed important, as the project of establishing a mission among them was contemplated more seriously than previously. Abraham was again Mr. McCoy's companion, and three Frenchmen were in company. They encountered drunken natives at once and continually, and several companies going to Fort Wayne to procure whisky; and this condition of things rendered their journey very perilous. Mr. McCoy slept on bark, as he did when in the wilderness, if it could be obtained; forded the Elkhart (then spelled Elksheart), and in consequence stopped to dry the baggage; traveled on through a drenching rain, to find that the chiefs whom he wished to consult had gone to Lake Michigan to engage in a drunken frolic. He sent Abraham to urge their return, and to bring children for the school at home.

He made a side excursion to look at grounds on which the tribe wished him to settle, with some experience by the way, which he thought best to note. Within a wigwam composed of flags he witnessed a

case of a dying mother and her child, in circumstances that excited in him emotions of both pity and horror. Any other than such a heart as his would have lost its strength, and left the nation to its doom.

On the fifth day from home he arrived at the villages of Menominee and Pcheeko, and was received with much kindness, as before. The two villages assembled at one house. The visitor issued the tobacco, and a bowl of hominy was passed around, of which all partook, using one ladle, and without spoon or dish.

The missionary then spoke, at length, on the blessings of civilization. Following with an address solely on the subject of religion, he desired the women to hear; but, having been called, they modestly conformed to the custom of avoiding all the councils of men, from which they did not distinguish this assemblage. They sat outside of the house, but near enough to hear.

After a recess of about half an hour, in which the principal men held private consultation, there was another assembling, and the following reply made to the address: "Our father, we are glad to see you among us, and to hear you. We are convinced that you come among us from motives of charity toward us. We believe that you know what to tell us, and that you tell us the truth. We are glad to hear that you are coming to live near us, and when you shall have arrived we will visit your house often, and hear you speak of these good things." The bowl of hominy then passed around again, all smoked, shook hands, and parted in friendship. It was evident, again, that

the race of savages were capable of exercising faith in men, and that Mr. McCoy was the kind of a man to inspire them with this confidence.

He witnessed the rare spectacle of men laboring in the field with women, it being customary for the women only to cultivate the ground. There was neither bread nor meat in their huts, excepting a few pigeons, killed with sticks. They had no ammunition by which to take deer, and were obliged to subsist upon roots and weeds, with a small supply of corn and dried beans. The return to Fort Wayne was attended with some further sad spectacles by the way, yet the three children they had obtained as pupils for the school were objects of interest and encouragement.

Mr. Giles Jackson entered the mission, under appointment as blacksmith. He came from Ohio, and found the exhaustion of traveling in mud and water so great as to make it necessary to send forward to the mission for help. Mr. McCoy was so pleased with the prospect of a helper that he gladly spent a day in going out to meet him, and at evening "had the happiness to see him and his family seated in his house."

A few weeks later Mr. Johnston Lykins, who professed to have obtained hope in Christ when teaching on the Wabash, rejoiced all hearts by being baptized. Mr. McCoy was so feeble that he was compelled to preach sitting, and only with difficulty did he descend and ascend the bank of the Maumee, in which the strange and impressive ordinance was administered. Mr. Corbly Martin, the teacher previously baptized,

had become a minister of the Gospel, and at this time was doing acceptable service in Ohio. Mr. Lykins was a little over twenty-two years of age, and his interest in the Lord's cause, as represented in this mission, excited high expectations as to his future usefulness. Mr. McCoy, acting by authority of the Board, and upon an acquaintance with him running through nearly the entire history of the mission, appointed him a missionary, stating in his certificate as follows: "As Mr. Lykins has dedicated his life to this service solely for the good of the Indians, without the promise or hope of any pecuniary reward whatever, expecting nothing more than a subsistence, it is hoped that all good people will treat him with that respectful attention which his talents, piety, and self-denial merit."

Early in July of this year (1822), and after severe sickness of both himself and wife, it was deemed expedient for him to make another journey to Detroit, two hundred miles, to secure the facilities from the Government provided for by the Treaty of Chicago. The Department of War had placed the fulfillment of the part of the contract assumed by the United States in the hands of Hon. Lewis Cass, Governor of Michigan Territory, who received the missionary with courtesy, and performed his duty cordially and faithfully. He conferred upon Mr. McCoy the appointment of teacher to the Putawatomies, being instructed so to do by the Secretary of War, John C. Calhoun; and upon Mr. John Sears a similar office for the Ottawas, with appropriations to meet the expense of salaries and outfit. The location of the

mission for the former tribe was to be south of the St. Joseph's river, and of the former north of the Grand river—both in the region of Lake Michigan.

The Governor's instructions form a state paper of much significance and importance, and had its specifications relating to morals and management taken effect among the aborigines generally, their condition to-day would be far better than it is. It declared that the passion for whisky was the bane of all efforts for their good, and that since Congress had done its duty in reference to it, the missionary must see that infractions of the laws against introducing ardent spirits into the country by traders or others be fully reported; also, that such is their life of vagrancy they can not attain to good material circumstances until weaned from it to habits of industry, and the more profitable labors of agriculture, on separate tracts of land. To this end a teacher of agriculture to the Ottawas was provided for, while to both tribes the implements of husbandry were to be furnished. Buildings for the teachers and blacksmiths were to be erected; the sites of the two stations to be determined finally by the President of the United States.

Shortly after Mr. McCoy's return to Fort Wayne some new missionaries arrived, and the occasion seemed to be an additional reason for forming a church, as it had been resolved to do several weeks previously. The Articles of Faith were brief, clear, and strong. Two visiting ministers were present, and they performed the several parts of the service usual in such cases. The organization consisted of eight white persons, designated "missionaries," one Delaware woman, one

Miami woman and one black man. The day following, this little "church in the wilderness" celebrated the Lord's Supper. It was happy, not knowing the severe trials to which the families were to be immediately subjected.

Sickness, already existing in Mr. McCoy's family, began to prevail throughout the mission. His daughter, Elizabeth, languishing with fever, grew worse. The interests of the mission, as related to the new location, imperiously required his presence on St. Joseph's river. Mr. C. C. Trowbridge, commissioner of the Government, was to meet him there on a specified day near to hand, to decide upon the sites for the stations. What should he do in such an hour when loyalty to his mission and love to his family strove in his mind for the pre-eminence? After the location should be fixed there would be the gathering of hay from the prairies and the erection of buildings preparatory to winter, and government aid was not to be expected until the station was actually occupied. Five men and an Indian boy set off, with himself, for the place. After accompanying them for a few miles he returned to watch the symptoms of his suffering child.

The sick one consented to his going, "if he would not remain absent too long," while the noble wife and mother concurred with him in the opinion that it was proper for him to go, and "that it was safe to trust in God." With feelings that he could not describe he took leave of his afflicted family, his feelings, as it proved, foretelling the greater sadness that was to come upon him.

With an Indian just coming out of a state of intoxication, and not easy of management, he pursued and overtook the wagon sent forward. The boy had returned, sick, and one of the men was found too ill to travel without help; while a road had to be opened as they proceeded. Arriving at the trading-house, the place for the conference, three days late, a runner was sent out to assemble the Putawatomie chiefs, and the hands put to the work of making a camp and getting hay. But all business was very soon committed to others, for a messenger came with tidings that his beloved daughter was at the point of death, and his wife, another child and several others of the mission family were also sick with fever. There lay one hundred miles of wilderness between himself and them. He was enabled to travel it in a little more than a day and a half, yet it was to the home of the sick, the dying, and the dead. Mrs. McCoy, five of their children and many in the mission were low, while Elizabeth was numbered with the dead and buried, her mother too ill to witness the burial. Studies in school were suspended, and nothing done except attendance upon the sick.

A dark cloud hung over the cause for want of cordial and prompt support as well as on account of the existing epidemic, and it was feared that the laborers would become disheartened. One minister arrived from New York at this time, with a view to uniting in the work, but turned back when he discovered the magnitude of the difficulties. By the first of September (1822), and within a month from the outbreak, there were more than forty cases of fever, and by this

it will be seen that almost the entire number composing the mission were prostrate with the disease. Some had managed to get away; others were too much disheartened to perform duty. But one, whose name will recur from time to time in this narrative, should be mentioned just in this place, and in the words of Mr. McCoy himself:

"Mr. Lykins alone remained to me a friend, whose circumstances enabled him to be a counselor and comforter, and such he certainly was. Neither the performance of the most disagreeable services for the sick, whether they were missionaries, their children, or Indian children, nor their peevishness and unreasonable demands, nor the deathlike discouragements which, in various forms, hovered around our abode, moved him from his noble determination to *do right*. He never became impatient, nor formed hasty conclusions, for the sake of getting out of a scene of distress. Seldom do circumstances occur so fully to attest what a *man is*, as those under which Mr. Lykins was at this time placed. It was not his amiable disposition alone by which we profited. His soundness of judgment in administering to the sick, and in relation to missionary affairs generally, was constantly developing."

Not less does the writer of the above impress himself upon the reader as "also a man." In the various and trying circumstances in which already he has been seen, his unwavering fidelity and unflinching courage fully attest that he was a missionary from God, watched by Heaven's eye, and supplied with divine strength. During the five years of fierce trial and unexampled hardships through which he had already passed, he gave no intimation of a disposition to

slacken his endeavors, much less to quit the field, as some had done who had inspected the mission or entered upon the work.

Soon after his return from the West, and while the family was still much afflicted, he felt it to be necessary to go to Ohio to obtain domestics, and transact other important business. He went alone this time, and when sixty miles from home became too sick to travel and was compelled to take quarters in a cabin "in which the thought of being confined was intolerable." Not anything in the mission was in a good shape, and its very existence was menaced. In a day or two, however, he determined he would try to proceed, as he did by hiring a man to take him twenty miles in an ox wagon, since he was not able to ride horseback. And by sending forward intelligence of his condition, a carriage was sent out to him by which he was conveyed to Piqua, where he was cared for and aided in the transaction of business.

While at Piqua the cloud upon the mission seemed to part asunder. Mr. Daniel Dusenbury, of Zanesville, Ohio, came, being on the way to Fort Wayne, with a view to becoming a missionary. And after a stay in that city of one week, Mr. McCoy and his recruit, with two women for domestic work, wended their wilderness way to the mission station. Mr. McCoy provided for himself a bed in a wagon, but, feeble as he was, he gave it to a sick lady of Fort Wayne, who also was in the company, and, being taken with the fever the first day, was compelled to go back to Piqua. He mounted a horse and pushed forward, and by traveling carefully and sometimes resting by the roadside he was enabled to reach Fort Wayne.

V.

After Five Years — *CHANGING BASE; ENCOUNTERING WINTER; SERAMPORE IN THE WEST.*

EARLY in the year, 1822, the four missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. McCoy, Mr. Lykins and Mr. Dusenbury, agreed upon a set of "Family Rules," in imitation of the Baptist missionaries at Serampore, India. The list contained twelve, and they were approved by the Mission Board in session, after having been carefully read twice. They declare, in strong terms of consecration, as follows: "1. We agree that our object in becoming missionaries is to meliorate the condition of the Indians, and not to serve ourselves. 2. We agree that our whole time, talents, and labors shall be dedicated to the obtaining of this object, and shall all be bestowed gratis, so that the mission can not become indebted to any missionary for his or her services. 3. We agree that all remittances from the Board of Missions, and all money and property accruing to any of us, by salaries from Government, by smith shops, by schools, by donations, or from whatever quarter it may arise, shall be thrown into the common missionary fund and be sacredly applied to the cause of this mission."

The document proceeds in this style and spirit, declaring full allegiance to the General Triennial Convention, mutual fellowship and obligation, unity between the several stations if more than one, and the general duty of maintaining the Christian virtues among themselves and nearness to God at all times. They regarded themselves as "strangers and sufferers in the wilderness," having no continuing city, but seeking one to come; hoping to "gaze eternally on Him whose religion they were endeavoring to propagate." Sublimely acting, in lowliest conditions!

With the coming of autumn five years had passed since the inception of this difficult enterprise in behalf of the Red Men, though scarcely four since the pioneers, Mr. and Mrs. McCoy, bade adieu to home and church to enter upon its prosecution. The hardness they endured from the first had no abatement, and at this time seemed to be greater than ever. They had become accustomed to the failure of persons entering the field as missionaries; had been disappointed in men, time after time, but a severer trial of this nature than any before experienced awaited them when they were least able to bear it.

One who had come from New York, with wife, father and brother, apparently for permanent settlement, had suddenly decided to leave. This left the new station among the Ottawas without the teacher expected and appointed. Also, it freed a complainer from his restraints who went before the Board with a long list of "counts" calculated to prejudice the mind against the mission. These complaints, which came from one who had not been three months in the serv-

ice, were forwarded to Mr. McCoy, though they were looked upon with suspicion in the Board meeting. It was resolved "that the measures adopted in the whole of this case, by Brother McCoy, appear to have been wise and salutary"; also, "that Mr. —— is at liberty to retire from missionary service under the Board, his mind appearing disinclined to the privations which evangelical labors among the aborigines of our country essentially require." And at a meeting a little later the Board expressed hearty sympathy with Brother McCoy, and gave him liberty to draw on it for such sums as his necessities should require.

The special trial consisted in the occurrence of this unfortunate circumstance when the removal was about to be made to the new location, the number of stations increased, and, particularly, while about forty of the mission family were sick. The man's designs, however, recoiled upon his own head. He disclosed confidential affairs to an officer of the Government, who advised Mr. McCoy not to intrust confidential matter to him. The missionary element was not in him, else gladly would he have recognized the opening to the Ottawas, made for him by the Government, with more suitable outfit than had been presented theretofore to any missionary to the Indians. And yet his withdrawal was but one of the discouragements attending the herculean task which Mr. McCoy was led to undertake.

It was the time, likewise, for paying an annuity to the Miamis. This tribe came to the fort and, on receiving their money, tarried some days and spent them in carousals, stealing horses, and murdering one

anotner. Mr. McCoy did his utmost to make something of the occasion, for their benefit, addressing them on matters relating to the mission and even preaching from his chair when unable to stand, but whisky in them and indifference on the part of Government officials thwarted his efforts.

In the second week of October (1822) a part of the mission family, twenty-two in all, left Fort Wayne for the new station on the St. Joseph's river. It was intended to erect buildings and then remove the remainder of the family. Mr. McCoy, of course, was in the van. The conveyances were two ox wagons and one drawn by four horses. Four milch cows were driven. The experiences of the way were about as follows: First day, rainy; one sick; lodged in the wilderness without a house. Second day, one of the best hands sick; weather rainy; broke one of the wagons, and spent half of the day in the wet bushes repairing it; one of the wagoners taken sick and Mr. McCoy compelled to mount the team and drive. Fourth day, one of the wagons capsized, but with little injury to persons or property; mired an ox, crippling him so severely that it became necessary to leave him (Indians soon afterward butchered and ate him); with one team less could scarcely proceed. Fifth, Sunday, obliged to proceed until grass, the reliance for feed, was found for cattle and horses, then encamped in the wilderness. Sixth, women sick, and Mr. McCoy compelled to assist in cooking. Eighth, encamped within five miles of the principal Putawatomie settlements; had a council with the chiefs and a location for buildings was agreed upon. Eleventh, pitched tents on the

site selected and kindled a large fire, "amidst a falling rain."

It was Sabbath next day, and the untiring missionary made use of the opportunity he had, instead of waiting for greater, and preached to his own little company in their tents, while the rain was falling copiously without. But there were some behind at the old station, perhaps one half of the whole number, and among them his family, from whom he had not heard since leaving them. Taking an Indian lad he made his return for them, with the inevitable suffering from rain and cold weather, night and day.

Before breaking up at Fort Wayne it seemed necessary to go to Ohio again. This tour prevented removal until the second week in December. The weather, meantime, had become very cold, even endangering Mr. McCoy and those with him on the jaunt from Ohio. A much-lamented death had taken place in the mission—that of Mr. Benjamin Sears, who seemed anxious to give his life to the amelioration of the aborigines. He was permitted to labor but twenty-three days, when he was prostrated with the fever, from which death released him after months of suffering. In dying, he proved his sincerity of purpose by directing that his clothing, and whatever small articles belonged to him, should be applied for the benefit of the Ottawas or Putawatomies, to whom labor was thereafter directed. He was buried beside Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. McCoy, lately deceased.

The departure from Fort Wayne, which occurred December 9, 1822, was quite affecting. An appropriate discourse was preached, and the evidences of

regard received from the irreligious, as well as from others, touched and impressed the hearts of the missionaries, whose remembrance of toil and distresses for their sakes could never die away. The chief of the Miamis expressed his regrets at the removal in such an emphatic way that Mr. McCoy endeavored to reconcile him by a promise to establish a mission for his people.

The "movers" consisted of thirty-two persons, three wagons drawn by oxen, and one by horses, fifty hogs, and five cows. Much difficulty was experienced in crossing the St. Mary's on account of the ice, and only three miles were made the first day. The snow was three inches deep, and must be removed with hoes to make a place for spreading the beds and kindling a fire. Second day: Traveling very difficult on account of snow and ice and many deep quagmires. Mr. McCoy loaned his horse to enable some of the hands to recover cattle that had escaped the previous night, and progress on foot proved very debilitating; but he went in advance, with a hand, and had a fire in readiness for the others when they came up. Third day: Exchanged compliments with some Indians, who brought them venison. Went ahead and made a fire; but the teams could not reach the place, and the advance was obliged to return to them, scrape away another patch of snow, and there build a fire.

Fourth day: Passing an encampment of Miamis, they were asked for the present of a hog, it being customary, it was asserted, for travelers to give something for permission to pass through the country. Mr. McCoy managed the case without trouble or loss,

simply giving the chief some biscuit and tobacco because he was sick. Two days later they reached Elkhart river, having traveled through cold and falling snow, and there they encamped, and butchered a hog for immediate use. Next day had a troublesome task in cutting away the ice of the river, so as to be able to ford it. Mr. McCoy went in advance to the St. Joseph's to examine the crossing there. Returning, found that the company had not broken camp. Fifteen oxen had strayed away ten miles to find grazing, their main reliance for food, and could not be recovered until night.

On the 17th Mr. McCoy took two men and went ahead of the company, and made a fire on each side of the St. Joseph's, a stream rapid and deep, and full of running ice. By skill and exertion the passage was safely made, with the drowning of but one hog. The next day a great effort was made to reach Bertrand's trading-house, which was accomplished by dark, and where they found shelter from the freezing rain. This left but one day's traveling for the completion of the journey, and when it ended many anxious hearts and weary spirits, not to mention the oxen, that had seemed worn down for days, experienced much relief. They had generally risen at four o'clock, and prepared and eaten breakfast by candlelight. Their beds were spread upon the frozen earth, from which the snow had been removed. The cabins entered at the mission, though cold and unfinished, afforded a shelter and quarters much superior to the wintry forest. And the sparing mercy enjoyed during eleven days of peril in the wilderness caused them to look back with

gratitude to God. Some were ill, but illness was not a marvel among them. Those of the company that had been located there were found in health, but short of provisions.

"Our location," says Mr. McCoy, "was about one hundred miles from Fort Wayne, at which place were the nearest white inhabitants. We were about one hundred and eighty miles from anything like a settled country, and one hundred and ninety miles from a flouring mill. This place (among the Putawatomies) was, by the Board, denominated *Carey*, and the station among the Ottawas was called *Thomas*, out of respect for the celebrated Baptist missionaries of these names who first penetrated Hindoostan." The first was on the site of the present town of Niles, Mich., and the second on that of the city of Grand Rapids, Mich.

The opening of this new station was attended with the sufferings that pioneer work usually brings; there being no abatement of the hardship elsewhere endured, except as time inures to it. That the experiences of the winter may appear in their reality, it may be best to quote Mr. McCoy's words, in part. He says—a few days after the arrival, or about December 25, 1822:

> We sent three wagons back to the settlements for supplies, which, including going and returning, had a journey of four hundred miles to make through the wilderness, and over a bad road, at that inclement season, before we could obtain a fresh supply of breadstuff. We had taken the precaution to deposit corn and hay at Fort Wayne, for recruiting our teams as they passed and

repassed that place. By the 29th of December I was again able to preach. Indians visited us almost daily, and on the 1st of January we deemed it expedient to invite Topenebe and Chebass, principal chiefs, and some others, to partake of a frugal meal with us. . . . They retired from our house much gratified with the attentions which they had received, and said privately to our interpreter, "we could not think there were any more such good people among the whites."

The winter continued cold. The earth was covered with snow from the time we reached the station until the 20th of March; generally from ten to fifteen inches deep. Our houses, being unfinished, were cold and uncomfortable. We had only four fires, one of which was our kitchen fire, for the benefit of about fifty persons. The Indian female pupils, besides alternately attending to common domestic labors, resumed their spinning, knitting, sewing, etc. Out of doors our business went on slowly, on account of the weather. Our religious services appeared to be attended with cold hearts as well as cold feet.

On the 13th of January we received intelligence that, in consequence of oxen having gone astray, our wagons would not return with supplies as soon as we had hoped. This was unwelcome tidings, inasmuch as our stock of flour had already become so low that we had put ourselves on short allowance of bread by substituting hominy (boiled maize). Even corn had become so scarce that it was with difficulty we could obtain any of the Indians. January 14th we started another ox wagon to Fort Wayne (one hundred miles) for supplies. Traveling in the wilderness had become very difficult, on account of the cold and snow.

Soon after our arrival at the station we commenced the erection of a schoolhouse; and on the 27th of Janu-

ary, 1823, we opened our school with thirty Indian scholars, all of whom were fed, clothed and lodged at our expense. Our schoolhouse was without floor, shutter to the door, or chimney. We built a large fire within, around which we sat, greatly annoyed with smoke and cold. Mr. Lykins had not returned, and I was compelled to go into the school myself. The management of all our missionary matters devolved upon Mrs. McCoy and myself.

A few extracts from the "mission journals" reveal the situation still farther:

Feb. 1. Having eaten up our corn, and having only flour enough for one meal, we sent five of our stoutest Indian boys five miles to an Indian trader and borrowed a barrel of flour and a bushel of corn. Our teams were absent, and the boys carried it home on their backs. The flour was damaged; nevertheless, it was very acceptable to us.

Feb. 7. Ate our last meal of bread for breakfast, which was so scarce that we had to divide it carefully that everyone might take a little. We had saved a few pounds of flour for the small children, whose necessities were increased by the want of the valuable article of milk. Sent out an Indian to endeavor to buy corn, who returned with about six quarts, which was all that he could get. We sent an Indian and a white man to Fort Wayne to see what was detaining our wagons, and, should they not meet the team on this side that place, they were directed to hire horses and fetch flour to us.

Feb. 8. Breakfasted upon the corn we had procured the preceding day. Blessed be God, we have not yet suffered for want of food, because corn is an excellent substitute for bread. But having now eaten our *last corn* we can not avoid feeling some uneasiness about our next meal.

Mr. McCoy, obtaining a horse and taking a footman, went in quest of corn. The trackless snow was more than a foot deep. Though feeling much misgiving as to his success, he tried to cheer his dependent ones with hope, as he left them. He found that though the Indians had not half enough for themselves, the little they possessed was buried in the earth at their villages, while they were away at their hunting camps. His informant, a French trader, discouraged him. "But," said he, in broken English, "I got some corn, some flour; I give you half. Suppose you die, I die too."

He records the remembrance of God, at this critical time, in these words:

I had, however, scarcely traveled out of sight of our house when an old Putawatomie widow, our nearest neighbor, who herself had not a particle of anything to eat except her small stock of corn and beans, sent the family sweet corn enough for a plentiful meal for our whole family. Thus we had scarcely eaten our last meal when God sent us *another*.

Our kind widow had a few days before given information of our scarcity to some of the neighboring Indians, and on this same day four other women and a boy brought us, on their backs, about three bushels of potatoes. . . . On the 10th of February two Indians brought us about two bushels of corn; and two traders, by the name of Rosseau, hearing of our scarcity, brought us half of a pittance of flour they had, a distance of fifteen miles. . . . On the 13th our wagons arrived, two valuable oxen having perished on the journey. Besides breadstuff, our wagons brought us five boxes of clothing, in all worth more than three hundred and forty dollars, sent us from the vicinity of Boston and Salem, Mass.

Mr. McCoy's health, at this time, suffered greatly, until he was reduced to a skeleton and barely able to walk about the house. Exposure and fatigue in labor on the schoolhouse, making for it a floor, chimney, etc., were the more immediate cause. Being shut in and unable to preach, he gave himself to heart-searching, in view of the difficulties of the way, particularly the lack of sufficient missionary force, the greatest trial of all. But he rose above his infirmity of mind, as he reflected upon the prosperity of the school under the management of Mr. Lykins and the interposing hand of Providence in behalf of the needy family so often and so fully. Rev. Corbly Martin, mentioned heretofore, had been very successful as agent for the mission; a flock of one hundred and thirteen sheep collected by him chiefly in Kentucky, having reached Fort Wayne, and more than one hundred dollars' worth of clothing and two hundred dollars in cash been collected also. At Xenia, Ohio, an effort to aid the mission was made doubly successful by the slanders of mischief-makers against this cause. Thus did the Lord lead and turn the counsel of the wicked into foolishness.

Another episode is thus told: "Two young men from Ohio arrived, with a view of laboring for us, who, in order to cross St. Joseph's river, cut loose a large cake of ice and, putting their knapsacks thereon, undertook to push themselves across with poles. The current was strong and carried them down the stream rapidly, so that for a while they seemed destined to make the remainder of their journey by water, if it should be made at all. They at

length came so near the bank with their ice-boat as to be able to throw their baggage on shore, after which they swam out themselves. By this means they wetted their apparatus for making fire, so that they were compelled to sleep in wet clothes, without fire."

VI.

Carey and Thomas — *SEEKING SUPPLIES; PERILS AND LOSSES; CLOSE STRAITS.*

SPRING opened, but not as in cultivated sections. In the forest "Nature sows, herself, and reaps her crops." Obstructions to cultivation must be borne by the pioneer until a "clearing" can be made, when day and night will alternate for highest effectiveness.

In the early history of our country the streams were full the greater part of the year, and the cleared portions so deeply covered with vegetation, new or decayed, as to make the ground unfit for wheeling. Roads were wanting and trails were few. "Riding" proved to be walking for much of the way.

About the middle of March, the worst time in the worst season, it became necessary for Mr. McCoy to make another journey to Ohio. His health had been so poor that for a long time he could not preach, and he was barely able to ride horseback when, on the 19th, he started eastward, with one Indian pupil and two white men in company. One of the latter was Mr. Dusenbury, who had found himself unqualified in some respects for the heroic endurance of missionary life and had concluded to quit the work.

The snows were melting and the streams high, while the low grounds were covered with water. The Paupaugoh creek was crossed by the men on a fallen tree, the horses swimming. Elkhart river, impassable; and they "felt their way around near the sources." They were obstructed by a large creek which would have occasioned not a little difficulty had they not found an Indian canoe tied near a deserted encampment.

"We found the low grounds of Eel river covered from hill to hill," writes Mr. McCoy. "We forded until we reached the main channel, across which we found a fallen tree extending, but the water was running over it eight or ten inches deep. I alighted on the stump of the tree, undressed my feet, and waded on the log. The water was exceedingly cold. Similar difficulties, on account of high water, frequently occurred on the whole journey to Ohio and back to Fort Wayne."

On the 16th of April the company, returning, left Fort Wayne for Carey. "The waters were so high," says Mr. M., "and the road so bad, that one wagoner, whom I had employed to transport property to our station, refused to proceed with his team, and I was under the necessity of storing up the load. With three wagons, one of which was our own, we set off, having in company Mr. and Miss Wright, who were hired to assist in the school, six hired men, and one Indian boy. We drove twelve head of cattle and one hundred and ten sheep. St. Mary's river was deep at this time, and we had no other craft than a large canoe with which to cross our wagons, baggage, and persons. Some of our oxen were unwilling to swim, and were dragged across by the horns. We had not proceeded more than three miles when we discovered that the earth was so soft that we could not get forward with

our loads without more force of team. We encamped, and sent two men back to Fort Wayne, and procured two additional oxen and one horse. A sentinel guarded the sheep all night, to prevent mischief by the wolves. We had not proceeded two miles on the second day when we were again compelled, by bad roads, to lighten our load. We sent a man back to Fort Wayne to get this property secured.

"On the 18th one yoke of oxen failed, so that their owner turned them loose. Some deep creeks were exceedingly troublesome, and the sheep had to be dragged through the water. . . . It rained on us incessantly. At Elkhart river we halted, and made a periogue (large canoe) out of a single tree, intending to transport some of our loading down that river and the St. Joseph's to our place. The road along which we had thus far come was at this time considered, even by the Government express from the military post at Chicago, to be impassable; but the want at our station of such property as we carried with us had impelled us to make extraordinary efforts to get thus far.

"On the 24th we had our canoe in the river, in which we ferried our wagon, sheep, etc.; horses and cattle swam. After crossing the stock, I took a few hands to collect them, and to select a camping place a short distance below, leaving three men to load the canoe with property that was to be freighted down the river, and to bring it to our encampment. We had but just settled ourselves at our camp when we discovered the periogue coming down, and went to the river bank to assist in landing it. Before it reached us it became entangled in a tree, from which it was not disengaged without taking water. The current was swift as a mill-race, and the periogue was no sooner disengaged from the first tree than it ran foul of another, and capsized. The loading was all turned into the river,

and every one plunged in to save what he could. By great exertions we saved eight and a half barrels of flour, two barrels of cornmeal, a little seed corn, a box of dried fruit, and a few articles of clothing. Some things were rescued from the water nearly two miles down the river. Our peas, potatoes, one barrel of flour, one of salt, and other property to some considerable amount, were lost, and some of that which we saved was much damaged. Our potatoes and some of our corn were for seed for the ensuing season; the articles designed for food we were confident we should greatly need at the station. Weary and wet, we surrounded our little fire in the woods, talked over our misfortunes, and felt that it was to us all a sorrowful evening."

This strife with the elements went on—canoe reloaded and started; wagons, cattle, and sheep again on the road. Rain; no meat except a little venison obtained from Indians, and without salt. Sheep go astray, requiring a day and more to recover them and convey them across the St. Joseph's. Rain, rain. Sheep fail, and are laid in wagons; push on to Bertrand's trading-house, and warm; leave wagon and cattle, mount horses and reach the mission. After six weeks of this, it was unalloyed bliss to see "a light in the window," and to feel the warm hand of between fifty and sixty at home. And there was gladness in "arriving in time barely to save the family from suffering for want of bread. Two days they had been on short allowance, and had not ventured to make *bread* of their flour, but merely used a little in thickening soup."

The loss of supplies by the capsizing of the canoe made a new demand that must be met at once. And

the effort to meet it was followed by a similar experience, and within four rods of the first accident; corn, seed corn, flour, peas, and seed potatoes being lost in the river, and in larger proportions than formerly. A man had been employed to bring on two wagon loads, and the badness of the roads and high water caused him, in disregard of the previous misfortune, to make a canoe and try freighting by water. This loss was doubly unfortunate, because the mission was thereby in danger of being without some of its future and most-needed crops. It was the last of May, and exertions were put forth by sending runners in various directions to obtain seed, but with only partial success. Provisions were equally scanty. When bread was used it was necessary to count the pieces and make the number correspond to that of the family.

The zeal of Mr. McCoy suffering no abatement by reason of difficulties, he "makes a journey to Grand River, for the purpose of putting matters into operation at that contemplated station among the Ottawas"; taking about the customary force, including a Frenchman, named Paget, for a pilot. The story runs as before: Unhappy in leaving family short of the necessaries of life; flour so scarce that he could not take a supply for his journey; swimming horses across the stream, beside a canoe; losing the way; finding a little corn and sending it back to the family; obtaining a little venison from an Indian; Indian villages in a drunken carousal; superstitious woman wishes him to cure her son of convulsive fits, believing that as a "priest" he could control the moon, which was the alleged cause.

He met some Indians at the village of Kewikish-

kum, on Grand river, while reconnoitering for a building site, but was defeated of his object by the drinking going on, the absence of the chief and the prejudices that had arisen through dissatisfaction with the Chicago treaty. He had opportunity to observe a funeral rite prevalent among the Ottawas, viz.: The presentation of food to the dead by a parent or near relative, which is distributed among the attendants who each insert a portion through an aperture in the poles or boards that cover the dead. This is repeated once a year; is attended, in some cases, with addresses to the dead; and in the spring of the year the grass and weeds are carefully removed from about the graves and kept away during the summer.

Religious ceremonies were not found to be of the exact character of the original, having undergone some changes through contact with white people. As with some other matters, this was an occasion of tearful regret to the aged members of the tribe. Food is carried to the grave and offered to the deceased by relatives; the occasion consisting of a social feast, at which the dead receives a portion first through an aperture in the poles or boards covering the grave. Also at the head of a grave a post is erected, on one side of which is drawn a picture of the animal from which a name prevalent in the family is taken, as Panther, or Panther's Foot. On another side a drawing indicating some bloody, heroic deed of the deceased. A stick is at hand, with which the visitor raps on the post, to announce his arrival.

Mr. McCoy's journal proceeds: "Having spent the night at the trading-house, on the 2d of June we swam

our horses across Grand river and proceeded towards home. Our scanty allowance of provision brought from home had been some time exhausted. On Grand river we had obtained corn, but scarcely any meat, except a meal of a ground hog. We had hired an Indian to beat a little corn in a mortar and make us a cake. This was poor bread for our journey; and what was still worse we had not half enough of it. About eight or nine o'clock Paget's horse failed, and we left him in the woods. On the following night my horse, having no company, endeavored to escape. I had taken the precaution to hobble him with my own hands, as I thought, securely, but he broke his hobbles, and it was ten o'clock the next day before the men recovered him and brought him back to camp. They had well-nigh lost themselves, so as to be unable to find camp. The time of their absence I employed in boiling sweet corn, a little of which we had purchased of the Ottawas; but I had no vessel to boil it in larger than a pint tin cup, and, as it softened a little, I emptied it on a piece of bark and filled the cup afresh. By this means I was able to prepare enough for our breakfast."

"The morning of June 4, 1823, was made memorable," he says, "by reflections on the discouragements attending all missionary efforts for the Indians, in countries from which they soon must be driven by approaching white population." And as Paget trudged on as before, with his pack on his back, this resolute servant of the Most High determined that, "Providence permitting, he would thenceforward keep steadily in view and endeavor to promote a plan for colon-

izing the natives in a country to be made forever theirs, west of the State of Missouri."

Arriving at Carey, Mr. McCoy made record that he never felt himself more blest than on "finding harmony, patience, cheerfulness, and hope abounding in the large family, under peculiarly trying and threatening circumstances." Some corn had been obtained for food (but by no means enough), and some seed potatoes. Miss Wright, from Ohio, had taken charge of the girls' school. All were pushing bravely on, though with a small allowance of poor food, and considerable sickness.

This primitive life in the wilderness was not play, nor picnic; nor was it romance of a pleasing character to those who passed through it. It was endurable because these Christian pioneers felt called to endure it, and blest in so doing. It was pleasant, but only as walking in the path providentially pointed out gives satisfaction to the soul. To the reader, however, looking into the mission with the eye of the imagination, there is genuine romance in what is here described, in the language of the intrepid leader, Mr. McCoy:

At that time (July 1, 1823) we had sixty acres of land inclosed with good fence. The boys of our school spent about half their time in manual labor on the farm, and half at their studies in school. The girls labored more than half their time. This was not a matter of choice, but of necessity, growing out of the circumstance of the number of males exceeding that of females, by which domestic labors became the more onerous to those who sustained them. All could use the needle in sewing,

twelve of them could knit, six could spin, two could weave, and twelve of them could embroider with the needle, and in the performance of domestic labor, in common, they were not surpassed by any white girls of their ages.

At the opening of day, during the shorter nights of summer, and earlier during the longer nights, the sounding of a trumpet was the signal for all to rise. At sunrising in the longer days, and earlier during the shorter, the ringing of a bell summoned the family to morning prayers, after which the children were directed to their morning labors. At half past six the trumpet called to breakfast, and the ringing of a small bell directed the family to become seated at the tables. We all sat down together at the same table, and the native children received the same attention, there and elsewhere, that white children would have received, had we kept a boarding-school for them. As our dining-room would not contain all at the same time, the larger scholars ate first, and one of the teachers attended to the table until all had left.

At eight o'clock in summer, and half an hour later in winter, the scholars were called together, and they were dismissed at twelve. Half past twelve dinner was called. At two the scholars were again called in, and were dismissed at five in the longer days, and at half past six supper was called. Between sunsetting and dark in summer, and never later than eight o'clock in winter, the whole family were again called together to evening prayers. Besides singing, reading, and prayer, a portion of Scripture was usually expounded. All were required to retire to rest at an early hour, and, if circumstances made it necessary for any to remain up later than the hour for retiring, they were required to be silent after nine o'clock. It was made a point to attend promptly *to time*.

On Saturdays the schools were suspended, and the

boys were allowed part of the day for recreation. Twice in the week in summer they were permitted to bathe in the river, and in winter to amuse themselves on the ice, accompanied by the teacher, or some one else, to prevent accidents. On Sabbaths only two meals were eaten. At half past ten the trumpet announced the approach of the hour for public worship, which commenced at the ringing of a bell half an hour later, and at half past four in the afternoon we again assembled for public worship. At this time Mr. Lykins, Mrs. McCoy, and myself were the only missionaries at the station.

While aiming to relieve and elevate the natives of the forest, the missionaries had the unpleasant duty of resisting encroachment and imposition from them. Being notoriously improvident, they acquired a servile habit of begging; and this was stimulated by supposing that there were supplies at the station, as there necessarily should have been whenever it was possible to obtain them. The correction of this habit was secured by a firm yet kind treatment, and must have been permanently beneficial.

In contrast with the worthless class found among the white inhabitants of the country, not less than among the red and the black, examples may be furnished showing that the "good Indian" is not the "dead one." At the time under review, Mr. McCoy and several of the family were suffering illness, "occasioned by the lack of wholesome food, and particularly by the want of bread." The sick could not be afforded one half as much bread as they needed, and the little given them was made of damaged flour. Expected supply wagons did not come, and another

was dispatched to Fort Wayne for provisions. The journal also states, June 13th:

"We sent out two men to purchase corn, if any could be found, not having enough to last through the day. Obtained a small quantity from an Indian, and a little damaged flour from a trader. The Indian had not the corn to spare without risking his own comfort, and refused to sell it, but said: 'It is too hard to be hungry; I will give my father that sackful. I believe I will lose nothing by it. I think he will give me an equal quantity when he shall get corn.'" And, though this act was not the highest form of benevolence, it was a clear case of *trust*, and surpassed the instances of faith that the civilized white man has shown, ordinarily, toward his brother of the forest.

One hundred and twenty-one head of cattle arrived, collected for the mission by Rev. C. Martin, chiefly in Kentucky. The drove at first consisted of over two hundred, but some failed, and were lost on the way, and fifty-five were left at Fort Wayne to recruit. This was a very valuable acquisition. Mr. Martin was the first teacher at the Wabash station, and converted there.

The mission attracted attention from chiefs and others, and was visited by some of them almost daily. On such occasions the host must furnish the tobacco, and a supply must be kept on hand to enable him to sustain the absurd habit of smoking, in council and in private visits. A woman, carrying a babe in her arms, traveled forty miles on foot for the purpose of placing a daughter of eleven in the school, who also made the journey on foot with her.

In this time of prosperity notification came from the agent of the Board that its funds were exhausted, but that a "particularly urgent demand" might be met by special appropriation. This did not alarm, however, as dependence on the Board fluctuated in the minds of these beneficiaries. They were most glad to remember Him who feeds the fowls of the air and whose supplies fail not. The Government was a hand by which His mercies came, slowly but surely. The Board saw the matter in the same light, and encouraged them to rely upon it.

VII.

Getting On — *TO AND FRO; HELPFUL RECOGNITION; TO WASHINGTON, HORSEBACK; FAVOR IN THE EAST.*

THE opening of a mission among the Ottawas, contemplated in the removal from Fort Wayne, was not forgotten. And as the general work was likely to come into financial straits, it seemed good to urge that forward in order to place it in the way to receive Government allowance. The duties at Carey were onerous, and more workers needed; yet the circumstances made it necessary that Mr. Lykins enter upon the new work at Thomas, the seat of the Ottawa mission.

Mr. McCoy, being required to take the first steps, started with an Indian and a white man, September 30, 1823, to go as far among the Ottawas as Kekenmazoo (Kalamazoo) river, where prejudices were known to exist that might prevent the immediate commencement of operations. With the wisdom of the true pioneer he proposed to commence with a smithery on the border of the tribe, hoping that the advantages of it to the Indians would become apparent to them, and thus subdue their jealousy, as well as facilitate acquaintance with them. After a few weeks the pro-

ject was carried out. As the hands were on their way to the place an Indian forbade them to proceed, and declared his intention to destroy the house. Following them twenty or thirty miles, he called a council in the vicinity of the works for the purpose of destroying them, but it ended in quieting him. The Ottawas became greatly pleased with what was being done for their benefit.

On returning to Carey the circumstances of the mission were found to be such as to occasion much anxiety. October had come. The buildings needed to be improved before winter to prevent the recurrence of the sufferings of the previous year, and preparations were necessary for wintering the live stock. Two months had passed since the information came that the funds of the Board were exhausted, and the laborers were toiling on, not knowing that they should receive any pecuniary compensation from that source.

Before the state of the treasury became known to them a draft for five hundred and fifty-two dollars had been sold in Dayton, and it was protested and returned, adding greatly to their embarrassment. Yet such was the confidence in the mission entertained by the payee, H. G. Phillips, Esq., that, though it was indebted to him already in the sum of nearly one thousand dollars, he advanced more, and proposed to increase the amount if thought prudent by the borrower, and all without interest. His partner sympathized, writing as follows: "I feel for your present situation, but I hope it will not discourage you, and we even hope that it will all work for the benefit of the mission. We deem it prudent to keep the news of the drafts being pro-

tested among ourselves, because, if it were known to the public, it might be to the injury of your establishment." Neither of these gentlemen was, at the time, a professor of religion.

There were losses through the mismanagement of those undertaking to confer gifts upon the mission, which the missionaries scarcely dared to mention. Articles were sent that were not available for their nominal value; droves of stock suffered a large numerical shrinkage on the road. In one case one third of a fine lot of hogs were lost in driving. Likewise, efforts to bring supplies by way of the lake proved unsuccessful. In one case the contractor violated his agreement; sold his flour nearer home. In another the schooner was unable to make a successful landing at the mouth of the St. Joseph's, the receiving port, and, except seven barrels of flour and one of salt, and two or three other small articles, the whole of four or five hundred dollars' worth of property for the mission was carried back to Detroit. Such disappointments necessitated recurrence to the method of transportation by wagons from Ohio, two hundred miles; and there was no time for debate or tears. The teams must go at once.

In the latter part of October Governor Cass sent a commissioner, Charles Noble, to visit the institution, and examine and report upon its condition, agreeably to arrangements growing out of the treaty of Chicago. After receiving his report, the Governor wrote to the missionary: "Your report and that of Mr. Noble are entirely satisfactory. The affairs of your agency appear to be in the best condition, and, if the experi-

ment is ever to be successful, I am satisfied you will make it so."

A Bible class had been established recently, and twenty-one Bibles distributed among its members, pupils in the school, who were greatly pleased with the exercises. A little later a lady, Miss Fanny Goodridge, of Lexington, Ky., entered the mission, and soon afterward Mr. William Polke and family, from Indiana. These added much to the working force, and gave encouragement to the remnant of the little church organized before leaving Fort Wayne, and on account of which the Lord's Supper was celebrated for the first time since settling at Carey. It seems that the candlestick had been removed while the candles remained and were still lighted.

The stress of circumstances from the outset of this great undertaking had interfered with spiritual work, and with the needful preparation for it. Mr. McCoy, in his history, says: "When I first went into the wilderness as a missionary I set about the study of the Indian language; but circumstances had denied me the opportunity of acquiring such a knowledge as would enable me to address the natives on the subject of religion without an interpreter. On the late acquisition of missionaries I had hoped that I would be so far relieved from the general cares of the institution as to be able to spend the winter chiefly in the huts of the Putawatomies, in the study of their language and in imparting to them religious instruction."

This hope also proved illusive. Winter had set in, and the little community must be fed and clothed. "Excepting our embarrassments in pecuniary mat-

ters," he adds, "our affairs had never been more encouraging. Forty-nine Indian youths were members of our family, and receiving instruction in letters and labor, and attending to religious exercises." But there was the large indebtedness, constantly augmenting. Something must be done, and at once.

It was decided that Mr. McCoy make another journey to Washington for help from Government; and in favor of this plan was the hope that he might be instrumental in promoting the colonization of the Indians in the West — a subject of which he and others never lost sight.

On the 29th of December he set out upon this journey on horseback, expecting to be absent five months. A Frenchman named Mettez accompanied him, to aid him in getting out of the wilderness. The first day and night there were rain and melting snow to encounter, making it necessary for him to gather brush to raise his bed from the water. The second day it rained continually, and at night, though stretching a blanket for shelter, he found his bed too short and too narrow to save him from the cold and the water that fell from above and that which arose beneath. Mettez loaned him a wolfskin to lie upon. Third day was like the second, with the added misfortune that the stock of provisions was exhausted. The two men traveled hard to reach Fort Wayne, but soon after dark lost their path, and spent another rainy night in the brush. Fourth day: The waters were so high that they sometimes were compelled to leave the road and go around them. Finally swam their horses across St. Mary's river, and were at Fort Wayne.

And still the journey was but just begun. The Frenchman was sent to Detroit on business, and Mr. McCoy pushed forward, through rains and streams, as before, finally reaching Washington, where he remained twenty-four days. During his stay the Board, which at this time held its meetings there, had several sessions, during which the interests of the mission were considered. Pecuniary relief it could not grant. "It was evident that, while it indulged kind feelings toward the missionaries, the pressure of the affairs of Columbian College engrossed most of its thoughts and deliberations, and that they must provide their own support." It gave him credentials, however, to enable him to collect something from the benevolent public.

The plan for colonizing the Indians was submitted to the Board in writing, and became a prominent subject of consideration. Dr. Staughton and Luther Rice were appointed to accompany him to the President of the United States, James Monroe, to lay the subject before him. They called twice. Each time he was absent, and so they failed to obtain a hearing. Accompanied by Rev. O. B. Brown, another prominent Baptist, they called upon John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War. To forestall an unfavorable reply, which would have discouraged the Board, Mr. McCoy offered many reasons for adopting his plan before giving the Secretary opportunity to answer. "Somewhat contrary to my expectation, but greatly to my satisfaction," he writes, "his answer was such as I desired."

Mr. Calhoun not only approved the plan, but also argued its practicability, saying that nothing was wanting to assure its success except a right feeling

in Congress. Mr. McCoy desired the Board to memorialize Congress at once, but it thought it better to prepare the way by presenting the subject to the people through the press.

"We obtained from Government at this time," says Mr. McCoy, "five hundred and sixty-six dollars on account of buildings at Carey, which was to reimburse for a portion of the cost that had accrued to the mission in their erection. It was paid to us out of the annual appropriation of Congress for Indian reform. The Secretary of War also agreed to increase the annual allowance from the same fund, for the benefit of our school, from two hundred dollars to six hundred dollars." This relief proved the tact and influence at court of this missionary from the Wild West. His cause was so thoroughly wrought into his being that neither its "lights" nor its "shades" could fail of proper presentation. The weak and timorous Board of Missions found in him an advocate that could not be defeated, and a hero that harbored no fear.

The education of his own children, the missionary's only prospective legacy to them, had become a matter of great interest and importance, and, on being mentioned to it, the Board, "with honorable generosity," directed him to send his two elder sons to Columbian College. Luther Rice, the founder of the college who, "to a liberal education and extensive personal observation of men and things in different countries, united uncommon powers of intellect, . . . found leisure to show himself the substantial friend of the Indians, and a sympathizing brother to missionaries. He warmly advocated the scheme for the colonization

of the Indians, and kindly favored the design of taking the missionary's sons into the college."

Leaving Washington on February 24, 1824, Mr. McCoy passed through Baltimore, Wilmington, Philadelphia, Holmesburg, New Brunswick, and Newark to New York, obtaining help for the mission. At New York he met an "Alexander the coppersmith," who undertook to do him much harm; but the persistence with which this man pursued the mission in his opposition caused general inquiry into its affairs, and contributed greatly to promote liberality towards it. This, his first visit to the city, resulted in some lifelong friendships for him and the mission, that were of incalculable benefit. William Colgate gave him hospitality and welcome. Spencer H. Cone and wife "warmly espoused the cause of Indian missions, and this favorable support never abated."

He went on to Providence. Taking passage on a steamboat, he was allowed, at the Sunday morning worship, to make a brief appeal to the company, which was followed by a contribution of twenty dollars for the enterprise. On arriving at Providence, and other points farther on, he found that his adversary, the New York minister, was already present, in the form of letters designed to hedge up his way. The repulse he experienced was a great trial. What more pathetic than a view of this lone soldier of the Cross in a strange country!—the champion of a wild, and abused, and dangerous race, rough and travel-worn, seeking favor amid the highest civilization of the land, and with an emissary of Satan to buffet him!

Let him speak of it as he felt it: "I remembered

our sufferings at the station. The splendid dwellings were contrasted with our huts, and my comfortable lodgings with the nights of misery which, with my wife and children, I had spent unsheltered amidst snow and rain in the wilderness. I could not approach the luxuries of their tables without being reminded of passing around our table, distributing to each a small piece of bread, because we could afford no more; of living weeks at a time *without bread*, and of having seen the last morsel of our boiled corn eaten. I thought it was *hard* that Christians should so far indulge in prejudice, through partiality for a friend, as to endeavor to hinder me from obtaining the means to prevent a recurrence of our sufferings. But God designed it for our good. Here in New England the opposition, as in New York, elicited inquiry, which resulted in making the benevolent more liberal to the mission than if no such cause of inquiry existed."*

Among the elements of greatness, none is more deserving of recognition than the talent which Mr. McCoy exhibited in carrying on the enterprise that had been founded solely by his own benevolence and sagacity. He had assigned to himself a wonderfully difficult task. The obstacles were chiefly within the mission, among the debased creatures who so frequently put themselves in the way of their own benefit, and among the favored children of God who often showed a lack of sympathy for it. Struggle with the elements of nature was hard enough, and when was

*The "friend" was John Sears, who had withdrawn from the mission disaffected.

added to this a constant strife with men, it appeared of what stuff the hero of the occasion was made. With sorrow, yet without acrimony, he bated not in heart or hope, and by his serene strength always appeared best in the conflict.

He had in possession such documents as aided him in vindicating his cause. Boston Christians became fully satisfied in regard to the management of the mission, and the positive stand in its favor that they took determined its acceptance in New England. What could have been better for him in that day than the following committee report, written in his subscription-book, with the strong names appended: "The bearer of this, the Rev. Isaac McCoy, is an approved missionary of the Carey Station, on the River St. Joseph's, in Michigan Territory, among the Putawatomie Indians. He is now soliciting subscriptions and donations in aid of that mission. We, the subscribers, have seen with pleasure the ample testimonials of Mr. McCoy's piety and fidelity in this good work, and do most cordially approve of his character, and recommend him to the patronage of all the friends of the Redeemer who wish for the civilization and salvation of the aborigines of the West.

"THOMAS BALDWIN,
"DANIEL SHARP,
"F. WAYLAND, JR."

This proved to be a most successful tour. Books, clothing, and other articles of much value to the mission were obtained, worth eight hundred and twenty dollars. Besides the subsidies obtained from

the Government, before mentioned (cash, $566.00, and an added allowance of $200.00 a year), Mr. McCoy received in donations to the mission $1,623.00, cash. This sum was sufficient to pay debts, procure additional supplies, and pay transportation of goods.

The return was made by way of New York, Albany, Rochester, Buffalo, and Lake Erie. At Albany he met Mr. Robert Simerwell, whom he had found in Philadelphia, and who was to meet him here, with a view to entering the Indian service. They journeyed westward together, embarking on Lake Erie at Buffalo, May 25th, and shipping the supplies obtained in the East—thirty bushels of seed-wheat, one hundred barrels of flour, and twenty-four barrels of salt. At Detroit, iron, steel, etc., were obtained for the smitheries and put on board the vessel. Mr. Simerwell continued on board, and ascended to the mouth of the St. Joseph's, while Mr. McCoy hired a horse and rode home through the wilderness, a five days' journey, reaching Carey June 11, 1824, after an absence of five and a half months, and traveling three thousand three hundred and thirty-eight miles. How expressive of attachment and consecration to his work is the simple statement: "It was peculiarly gratifying to reach the place which, of all others, was the most dear to me."

The following record adds to the pathetic interest of this narrative: "In my absence the labors of the missionaries had been greater than they were well able to sustain. Laudably ambitious to keep all matters moving forward, and to prevent a retrogression in any department, they had toiled beyond their strength. Mrs. McCoy's health was poor, and her spirits were

more depressed than I had ever known them. I found them on short allowance of bread. On the 16th we had exhausted all our breadstuff, excepting a few pounds reserved for the small children and the sick. All except myself were in good spirits in regard to food, hourly expecting the arrival of the vessel. I feared that contrary winds or other hindrances might cause us to suffer, but I concealed my anxiety. On the 18th we had only corn enough for *one day*, but our merciful God was still near us. The harbor at which the vessel would stop was without inhabitant. We had sent two of our Indian pupils to build and keep up a fire at the place, in order that the smoke, by being seen from the vessel, might point out the place of landing. The youths were directed to open a barrel of flour immediately on the landing of the vessel, and hasten to us (twenty-five miles) with what they could bring. On the evening of the 18th, to our great joy, and to mine in particular, one of the young men arrived, with a mule packed with flour." The bulk of the property was brought from the lake to the station, upon the St. Joseph's, in periogues.

From this time (July, 1824) the mission ceased to depend on the Board of Missions, receiving from it only such funds as were specially designated to the Indian work. Yet it did not suffer for absolute want of bread, and its pecuniary necessities never again became what they had been. It also soon became safe to admit an increased number of pupils. And Governor Cass appointed Mr. Polke as teacher for the Ottawas, under the treaty of Chicago, thus strengthening the mission in their behalf.

The Putawatomies had become more friendly and docile. After the missionaries had returned from a journey these sons of the forest would agree among themselves upon a day when they would call to hear the news. It was made a social occasion, according to their customs, and they would receive slight tokens of regard. Some of them commenced to improve their lands, with a little assistance from the mission. Applications to take their children into the school were frequent, and attention to religious instruction increased. The latter circumstance renewed anxiety to acquire the language more fully, and to make an effort to extend labor more widely.

As a first trial, Mr. McCoy, after preaching on a Sunday morning, went five miles to an Indian village, with an Indian boy as interpreter. By his winsome manner he was enabled to call the villagers from their labors and sports—a woman pounding corn in a mortar, others making moccasins, one preparing bark for the making of sacks, men playing cards, etc.—and of such to form a considerable and an attentive audience. There was a general anxiety to hear more another time; as one said, for all: "We will be glad to hear you tell us about these things, that we may know how to please our Father"—God. The missionaries persevered in the practice of visiting one or two villages every Sabbath, and preaching to such as they could collect, many being compelled to be absent in quest of food. Miss Goodridge adopted the practice of visiting villages, particularly on Sundays, with a view to religious conversation with the women. All were gratified with the in-

quiry, following their work, as to when it would be Sunday, or "Prayer Day," as the Indians called it, thus showing their interest.

The Indians returned to their villages for the purpose of planting their fields, in May and June. From that time until their fields yielded them vegetables was the most trying season of the year, on account of the scarcity of food, and they were so pinched with hunger that they swarmed about the mission to get crumbs, or bones, or even the liquor in which food may have been boiled. The demonstrations of suffering, in connection with the famine, were very distressing to the missionaries, who could not alleviate the want except to a trifling extent; perhaps give a little salt by which they could season the boiled weeds on which they tried to subsist.

VIII.

Vanquishing—*GOVERNOR AND COMMISSIONER LOOKING ON; RELIGIOUS GAINS; BAPTISMS IN THE ST. JOSEPH'S.*

DURING the summer, and after his return from the East, Mr. McCoy suffered protracted and threatening illness. His condition grew worse and worse, until he despaired of life, and, being in a sound mind, made a full deliverance as to his feelings and wishes. This sickness was still another occasion of revealing the nobility of his character. He rose above his affliction, and gave serious thought to the whole situation. Of his noble wife he said: "None will be able to form an adequate idea of what she has borne, and who will there be on earth to comfort her by appropriate sympathy, or to sustain her by suitable pity and kindness." And of his work he remarked, with pathos: "I feel a strong, *very strong desire* to be allowed a while longer to bear a part with fellow laborers in divers parts of the forests, in pleading for the Indians, and in instructing them in the way to heaven; yet I know, and have this day acknowledged to God and to my brethren, that Jehovah is not dependent on such a worm as I for the accomplishment of what he will do for the poor natives."

The Indians were much concerned on account of his illness, and often said to each other: "If he should die, we shall not find another friend like him to help us. We are ignorant; we need advice and assistance, and we have but few friends; we very much desire his recovery." The future revealed a tenacity of life on the part of both Mr. and Mrs. McCoy, not often observed even in comfortable homes.

A state of things affecting the interests of the natives most unfavorably was becoming apparent. Lands had been ceded by them to the United States—some not a mile distant—and adventurers and worthless characters of the white settlements were promptly on the frontiers with whisky to sell, and demoralizing habits to bestow, as evidence of the kind of interest they felt in the future of the Red Man. The missionaries remonstrated with them, but without effect; they threatened, but with no better result. The law seemed to have no power to deter, and, though the facts were officially presented to Governor Cass, it was supposed that the evil could not be corrected. The Governor forwarded to Mr. McCoy a magistrate's commission, authorizing him to enforce the laws, but he did not feel justified in taking the responsibility of such an office.

The Indians disliked the traffic in ardent spirits, so ruinous to them, and a chief, Pocagin, with others, came to the mission and expressed a desire to go out and seize the liquor, but they were persuaded to exercise prudence, the better part of valor in this case. They also sought aid in securing their small possessions from the rapacity of their white neighbors, yet pity

was the most that could be rendered to them, because those outlaws, having no self-respect and no regard for the rights or lives of others, might commit terrible outrages upon the slightest provocation.

Mr. McCoy, after three months of almost fatal illness, as before stated, was able, early in October of this year (1824), to begin religious visitations to neighboring villages. And about the same time the missionaries commenced to write discourses in the Putawatomie language, and to read them to this people, which pleased them more than addresses through an interpreter. At the conclusion of a discourse, conversation on the subject of religion was encouraged. A very tender, penitent feeling developed among the white men in the employ of the mission. The "lonely desert" was watered by the tears of such as seemed desirous to turn unto the Lord and be saved.

Business again required a trip to Fort Wayne and Ohio, and Mr. McCoy's eldest son, not yet grown, undertook the journey, accompanied by his mother. It was thought that Mrs. McCoy might be benefited by a temporary relief from her charge, and be a counselor to the inexperienced boy; yet the reader will wonder how a jaunt on horseback hundreds of miles, with a babe in her arms, could be considered recreation in any sense. Mother and child were taken with fever, and detained in Troy, Ohio, while the son returned, to accompany a blacksmith and convey a wagonload of needed articles. He again went to Ohio, and found his mother in bereavement. It was the third daughter buried after becoming a missionary; and late in the season (November 1) she returned to

Carey, her heart emblemized by the faded leaf falling upon her dreary way.

An interest in religious matters, as well as friendliness, was constantly increasing among the savages. A chief presented his war club for the museum of Columbian College. Another, who had been averse to habits of civilization, came to the mission to say that he intended to make a house and field, and to bid the missionaries adieu, as he was about to set out upon the winter's hunt, remaining one day to hear preaching, and inquiring how he should remember when the Sabbath returned. On making the customary Sunday afternoon visit for preaching, Mr. McCoy was followed a distance of five miles by several on foot, who wished to hear preaching in their own language. The assembly was orderly: not even diverted by the coming of traders, hallooing in the usual way.

At the home station religious interest continued to spread, and was greater than had ever been known there. Visitations were becoming frequent; some from the out-station. A woman walked in the five miles to converse on the subject of religion, inquiring, also, "when it would be *prayer day*"—Sabbath. Her sincerity was proven by her return on the Sabbath on foot, bringing three of her children. "To us," said Mr. McCoy, "who had so long mourned over the depravity of the people of our charge, these incidents, which would have appeared of small import in some other places, were deeply interesting." The great aim of the mission—the salvation of souls—appeared to be accomplishing as rapidly as ever it does at the first among rude or barbarous people.

At this time a second special commissioner, Hon. John L. Lieb, from the Government, visited the mission, and remained three days. His report is very full and specific. It contains such expressions as the following: "The arrangements of this school, its order, and the improvement of its pupils (sixty-three, of both sexes), excited in me the most delightful sensations. . . . Besides the Rev. Mr. McCoy, the superintendent, and his wife (an amiable and excellent woman), there are three male and one female teachers, all of whom, from a sense of their missionary obligations, devote themselves, without remuneration, to the diversified labors of the institution. . . I beheld *a colony firmly settled, numerous, civilized, and happy*, with every attendant blessing flowing from a well-regulated, industrious, and religious community." The commissioner arrived early on Sunday morning, unexpectedly, and found "every member of the institution engaged in devotional exercises."

Early in November of this year the ordinance of baptism was administered in the St. Joseph's river. "Three large wagons and two saddle-horses were loaded with part of the numerous family; the rest went on foot." The stream was more than a mile distant. It was the first time in the knowledge of anyone that this river had served such a purpose, and the minds of the missionaries were deeply affected. Mr. McCoy was inspired on the morning of the occurrence, the Sabbath, to write a hymn for the occasion, which might be mistaken for one of Watts or Wesley, were no name attached. It begins:

"Bless'd morn which saw the Lord arise
Victorious from the grave!
Bless'd morn which now salutes our eyes,
And shows His power to save!"

A certain charm, not easily described, follows the reading of the circumstances, after seventy years and more have passed away, yet only with imagination can one now enter into the joyful experience of the pioneer who broke the stillness of the wilderness with a new song. He writes: "A more suitable place could not have been desired, and there were many associations of thought, arising out of circumstances peculiar to the place, that heightened the interest of the exercises. The ground was lightly covered with snow, and we made a fire on the bank for our comfort. There, with a kind of native simplicity that was delightful, we praised the Lord, who had taught our souls to love and obey; but, most of all, that which made the place like Jacob's 'house of God and gate of heaven' was the deeply impressive and gracious presence of the Lord. Here were some hearts filled with joy, and others filled with grief for sin."

The references in the hymn just quoted:

"There sleeps the warrior on the shore,
His war-club at his side,"

are explained by the facts, viz., that when the tribe of Putawatomies was more numerous, there was one extensive settlement here, and near by an Indian burying-ground correspondingly large, and that the weapons of the warrior were buried with him.

The stanzas following, for extemporaneous verse, are not unworthy of the average hymn-writer:

"Yes, our Emanuel, Prince of Peace,
Speaks, and the sinner hears;
There's smiling mercy in His face,
To dissipate our fears.

"Let the dense forest all around,
Which hears the savage yell,
This news, that mercy here is found,
In joyful echoes tell."

The religious interest at this time deepened and widened, within the mission especially. A note in the mission journal—a record made up, it seems, by various members—is as follows for one evening: "I hear Miss Goodridge in an adjoining room talking and praying with a number of our Indian girls. Mrs. McCoy is on the other side of me, endeavoring to comfort some mourners; Mrs. Polke has a band around her in her room engaged in a similar way; and Mr. Lykins and Mr. Simerwell are in our house of worship with a considerable company, talking and telling of the great things which the Lord has done for them." Next evening two young men were received for baptism; and the day following it was recorded that "scarcely an hour passes without religious conversation with a penitent sinner or a happy Christian."

On account of this good state of things, Mr. McCoy very reluctantly yielded to an earnest request, sent by a messenger, to visit the Ottawas. Taking an interpreter, he made the journey, with the usual experience in lodging without a house, in swimming the horses, and in suffering the illness consequent upon his mode of living. At Grand River, Noonday, *alias* Naoqua Keshuck, who had joined him, drew from its hiding

place a very small canoe of his, which he brought on his shoulder and launched in the river. He then instructed Mr. McCoy to lie down in it, as in a sitting posture there would be danger of capsizing, remarking, also, that he thought he could get him across, as he did not seem to be so heavy as a deer he had taken over in the same canoe. Indians get their ideas of weights and measurements by comparison. Thus, the size of a kettle was described by this man as containing, in cooking, six ducks, or three raccoons.

The necessity for absences from the mission was of frequent recurrence, greatly retarding the work. Mr. Polke, after an absence of four months, returned from the Wabash country with a drove of hogs, at about the time of Mr. McCoy's return from the Ottawas. It was near to the middle of December, yet the "main men" were not to spend the winter together. Affliction in the family of Mr. Lykins' parents imperatively called him away, with an expectation of his being absent many months; and thus the happiness of seeing Mr. Polke again was immediately followed by the painfulness of parting from Mr. Lykins. What this experience among these fellow workers really was is intimated, though faintly, in the pathetic words of Mr. McCoy: "I accompanied him a little way, in order that our adieus might be alone, where we might indulge our mutual sympathies without being reproached with childishness."

The work of saving grace did not abate from any cause, though business and cares so pressed upon the missionaries as to interfere with their full enjoyment of it. The French Catholics, too, stood in the way, as

they ever had done in respect to the establishment of the mission. Some of their children were professing faith in Christ, and evincing independence of mind as to the privilege of doing so, having lost confidence in Catholic professions. The Lord's Supper, with Indian converts as partakers, was now "the most sweet, solemn, blessed, sacramental occasion that had been realized by the missionaries. . . . The satisfaction of sitting down to the communion table with Indian youths, whom we had gathered from among the ruins of savage life, was indeed like an Elijah's meal—served up in the wilderness by an angel of God." And these converts (youths) held little prayer-meetings, to which they would invite their fellows, and with them "bend on the frozen earth and snow, sheltered from human sight by the sable curtain of night, and in the very forests, in which they lately roamed like beasts, implore the mercy of God on themselves and associates and kindred. . . . I never before felt so sensibly that the gracious presence of God would convert any place on earth into a kind of heaven. It seems that a celestial atmosphere may descend to earth, and may be breathed and enjoyed even in this literal wilderness."

Winter being on, necessities increased, and the number of pupils enlarged to seventy. It was the season, too, in which journeys through the wilderness, eastward, were usually required, perhaps annually; and Mr. McCoy was off again for Ohio, for three weeks and more. He was much gratified by the progress the colonization movement was making in the public mind. A resolution had been adopted in Congress instructing

the Committee on Indian Affairs "to inquire into the expediency of organizing all the territory of the United States lying west of the state of Missouri, and territories of Arkansas and Michigan into a separate territory, to be occupied exclusively by Indians, and of authorizing the President of the United States to adopt such measures as he may think best, to colonize all the Indians of the present states and territories permanently within the same."

While the observing will smile at this proposition, magnifying the needs of the tribes or minifying the great West, it is worth while to note the influence of the missionary in the Michigan forests, who could so readily cause the subject to be deliberated upon at the Capital. President Monroe, in his annual message, made distinct and statesmanlike reference to the matter; affirming that "experience has shown that unless the tribes be civilized they can never be incorporated into our system, in any form whatever. It has likewise shown that in the regular augmentation of our population, with the extension of our settlements, their situation will become deplorable, if their existence is not menaced. Some well-digested plan, which will rescue them from such calamities, is due to their rights, to the rights of humanity, and to the honor of the nation."

How closely conformable is this to the views of Mr. McCoy, and how the end might have been realized long ere this, had his work been supported and widened. Evangelizing is the best method of civilizing; while civilizing is essential to unity and harmony between Indians and peoples adjacent to them. The present account shows, here and there, that the work

of the mission had a direct tendency and power to subdue prejudice and hostility in the Red Men, and to start them in ways of industry, economy and thrift, while it secured to them that "better part" which is the foundation of character, and which could not be taken from them.

The encouragement that awakened public sentiment was calculated to impart was increased by advancement at the mission. The number feeding at its table was then ninety, and Providence was caring for them, notwithstanding that the Board was doing nothing more than to transmit the allowance of Government, which was for buildings only. It was a time of trial and of trust.

IX.

Prospects and Projects—*EDUCATING INDIAN YOUTH; SEVEN AT HAMILTON, N. Y.; EASTERN TOUR.*

WHEN the spring of 1825 opened, there were new evidences of progress in the arts of civilized life among both the Putawatomies and the Ottawas. Notes of cheer were heard from Carey and Thomas. The Indians were animated with the prospect of a better condition of husbandry, and craved leadership and education. On returning from their winter's hunt they determined to make fields and houses, and raise live stock, and looked to the missionaries for advice as to locations, ways and means. They needed implements beyond the power of the smithery to furnish, and teams, for which they depended much on the mission. They made rails and inclosed fields, and proved their confidence in the pale-faced comers by drawing towards them, moving and settling near them in large numbers.

The mission's interests enlarged also. An inventory would have shown: 200 acres, mostly pasture, inclosed by good fence; thirty acres in corn, and several in vegetables; an orchard of 200 to 300 peach trees, the product of early planting of peach seed; 100 apple

trees, grown from a few first found in the brush about the Indian villages; a flouring-mill in process of erection, to be operated by horse-power—there being none within 190 miles. Supplies came in from white settlements by wagons, and by way of Lake Michigan, from different parts of the United States. And Indian converts were overheard in their prayer-meetings to thank God for giving them favor with good people, and invoking a blessing on them.

A tinge of sadness appears in parts of the account, and is expressed at the close of one of the most jubilant paragraphs, thus: "We were, however, continually haunted with the painful reflection that the Indians would soon be driven from this place by the ingress of the white population." It had been hoped that the remoteness of the situation and missionary care would assure protection from the avarice of wicked white men until the advancement would place the Indians in a self-protecting situation. But Satan came early—came with the bottle, and liquor-selling to the Indians increased to an alarming extent. Industry slackened; theft of bedding from the mission occurred, that, by its exchange, whisky might be procured. Mr. McCoy fought the monster evil most bravely, "but," he writes, "to our great mortification and grief we perceived the adversary of our hopes acquiring strength and ultimately getting the ascendancy.

"These accumulating difficulties admonished us, in language not to be misunderstood, that it was necessary to urge by all possible means the colonizing of the Indians in a country from which they could not be

forced by a white population, and in which the state of society among them might become so much improved, before they would be pressed by people of clashing interests, or be dragged into the vortex of ruin by whisky-sellers, as to render their protection practicable. As a measure preparatory to the success of the scheme of a colony, we deemed it our duty to endeavor to fit for enlarged usefulness some of our most hopeful Indian pupils." It was believed that with suitable qualifications they would become more useful to their race than white men could be.

Then arose the project of placing a few of the pupils, having "promising talent," in eastern institutions. Mr. McCoy drew up a petition to the Board, in a letter to the corresponding secretary, Dr. Wm. Staughton, by which he pleaded for practical sympathy in his desire to place seven Indian boys in Columbian College, at Washington. He adduced considerations touching the case that showed maturity of judgment, breadth of view and nobility of motive, quite beyond the average man of his time. Looking forward to the colonizing of the Red Men beyond the Mississippi, an achievement of which he had no doubt, he felt that some of their own number should be qualified to conduct "different departments of the state of the schools and the church."

Three months passed away and information came that a committee of the Board had been appointed to wait on the Secretary of War to solicit aid for this object. Yet a fear of disappointment led Mr. McCoy, after some time, to seek a place for the boys elsewhere, in case this first effort should not succeed. He wrote

to Hamilton, N. Y., Waterville, Me., and to Drs. Wayland and Cone. Prof. Daniel Hascall replied for Hamilton that five of the number could be accommodated in the institution there, if necessary. The Board was not heard from again for about four months. Yet, meantime, such was the felt importance of this movement, among the missionaries, and the hopefulness created in the minds of the pupils who expected to be thus highly favored, that preparations to take them abroad began without delay. It was determined that there should be no disappointment.

It was midwinter, January 16, 1826, when the experienced leader of the mission undertook another difficult journey, and for a new purpose. His mind was fixed upon a great future that he hoped to see ushered in, but which he could hardly expect to witness in its full fruition. He was short of funds for the outfit and for traveling expenses, and was expecting to take a long and indirect course, by way of Cumberland and Washington, to Hamilton, New York, his destination.

Believing that there would be a warm hand extended at the end of his journey, at the institution which had been established expressly to forward the world's salvation, he started with these whom he had selected from the many, as promising good returns for the labor and money that might be expended in educating them. Prof. Hascall had promised opportunities to only five, but Mr. McCoy's faith embraced the original number, seven. He could not leave either of them behind. And yet he was compelled to start from home without money, in hope of borrowing in

Ohio. Gosa, an Ottawa, who had performed a friendly part toward the mission in many circumstances, desired to accompany him, and, as a witness of the way in which the boys might be placed, Mr. McCoy thought that he would aid in convincing the Indians at home of the good intentions and kindness of the whites. He was, therefore, admitted to the company and to the fortunes of the long and perilous jaunt. An eighth young man of the mission family was also taken, to be placed at a home in New Jersey. Others of the vicinity were going to Ohio, and they likewise joined the company, making, in all, fifteen.

"We were nine days," says Mr. McC., "getting through the wilderness, to Troy, Ohio. There was snow on the ground, and the weather was exceedingly cold, the mercury on the last day sinking six degrees below zero. Here I stopped the young men while tailors could prepare clothing for them. Horses, saddles, etc., had also, to some extent, to be obtained here. All this outfit I obtained upon credit. In the meantime I proceeded to Dayton, and borrowed of my friend, Mr. Phillips, money to bear the traveling expenses of our journey."

This expedition came near to failing at Troy through an attack of fever upon the leader, Mr. McCoy. He was scarcely able to sit upon his horse when the company set out again on its eastward way. On the ninth day following they reached Wheeling, Virginia, where again they were threatened with discomfiture. It was the first of March, and the Board had come, finally, to a decision as to the enterprise. It directed that the boys be taken to what was known as Choctaw

Academy, Kentucky, which belonged to Col. Richard M. Johnson, a noted Congressman of that State, and prominent in influence at Washington. The letter informing them of the action came from Mr. Rice, who stated that "this course would satisfy the Board, but no other would."

Mr. McCoy was "in the middle of the stream"—too far on his way to be diverted by orders so late in coming. He evinced true missionary sense by holding the matter in his own hands. The eligibility and merits of the academy, as contrasted with those of Hamilton, were vital points in the consideration, while the boys were unwilling to turn back. Rising to the occasion, therefore, he marched his little company forward. And although, after thirty-six miles more of travel he met a letter from Dr. Staughton, conveying the same instructions, and still another at Hagerstown, Maryland, from Luther Rice, to the same effect, he went boldly on.

On arriving at Cumberland he obtained board and lodgings for several of the young men, while with Gosa and Noaquett he proceeded to Washington. He did not fear to meet the Board, whose orders he had disobeyed; and he felt greatly strengthened when he ascertained that Dr. Staughton and Dr. S. W. Lynd had strenuously opposed the motion to order his retreat and the taking of the Indian boys to the academy in Kentucky. He was safe and strong in the favor of the wise and influential.

Mr. McCoy's two sons had obtained admission to Columbian College, and, at the time of this visit, were there. The expediency of admitting Indians was con-

sidered by the Board, and the feeling found to be unfavorable to it. The students, learning of this feeling, unanimously joined in a petition for their admission; and when it was hinted that lack of funds might deter the Board from taking such a step, they proposed a subscription among themselves to meet the necessary expenses. But it was ascertained that none could be admitted. The Government, however, promised one hundred dollars a year towards the support of each of the seven, and Mr. McCoy returned to Cumberland a happier man, and rejoined his company for a continuance of the march.

Eleven days were occupied in the jaunt northward, across the country to Hamilton, New York. A glad welcome was extended by faculty and students, and by the people of the vicinity. The balance for necessary expenses, above the Government's appropriation, was made up by Christian people of the Hamilton community. During the several years of their connection with the institution they were continually under a debt of gratitude to Dr. Nathaniel Kendrick, Prof. Daniel Hascall, and many others, for kindnesses received from them. The missionaries in the West joined in the tribute of praise and love to those who were thus aiding them in the difficult enterprise of providing for the "untutored mind" of the savage race. The admission of these students from the forest was an episode in the history of the institution of lasting interest.

That Mr. McCoy was in advance of the time and the denomination was further shown in his advocacy of the education of Indian girls also. Being convinced

that Indians, properly qualified, could do more for Indians than could others, he proceeded to the rational conclusion that the women might be useful as well as the men. He requested the Board to plan for a girls' academy, and to petition the Government for its patronage; and, though as in the case of the boys, no cost was to fall upon the Board, he failed to secure its approbation. He, however, sent two of the girls to a school in Ohio for a few weeks.

After the Indian youths had been settled in the school at Hamilton, Mr. McCoy went on to New York, where he attended the meeting of the Baptist Triennial Convention. Being sensitively anxious for the promotion of the objects dear to his heart, he naturally discovered, or thought he discovered, a defect of vision in the Convention, not only as to Indian missions, but likewise as to Indian affairs generally. Still the following resolution was unanimously passed: "That a memorial be presented at the next session of Congress expressive of the entire approbation of this Convention of the design of our Government to locate the aborigines of our country in the West, and of our readiness to cooperate in such a measure, and praying Congress to increase the appropriation for Indian reform."

Returning by way of Detroit, he was allowed an opportunity of presenting to Govenor Cass, who was to be one of the commissioners to treat with the Indians in the subsequent autumn, a petition that, in making the treaty, provision should be made for educational purposes. After five days more of travel, through the wilderness, and four months and over

from home, he arrived at his cherished mission station, Carey, greatly to the relief of the anxious family. A large company of Indians assembled, according to custom, "to hear the news."

Some time previously he had addressed a letter to the Board, in relation to new plans that he had formed, in which he foreshowed that westward emigration would soon drive the several tribes from their homes about Carey and Thomas; that their titles were likely to be extinguished at the next treaty, and they removed to the west of the Mississippi. Such events would result in their wandering and perishing, unless suitable provision should be made for their settlement and education. To avoid the evils and realize the benefits of the change, he maintained that so soon as a competent number of missionaries should be obtained for Carey and Thomas, he and his family ought to go westward and "make themselves acquainted with the country and its inhabitants, west of the State of Missouri, by actually residing in and exploring the region."

And during his late absence, a most pitiful letter came from his associate, Mr. Lykins, depicting the increase of the whisky crime against the Indians, adding: "Sympathize with us, my dear brother, in our griefs, when I tell you every hope, every prospect for the welfare of the Indians around us is prostrated—is entirely cut off. I entreat you to *plead for their removal.*" Horrors of deepest dye were of constant occurrence; yet amid them all, unremitting efforts were put forth for the temporal and spiritual welfare of those under the charge of the mission and the people generally. The spiritual results, though limited,

testified of fidelity in the workers, and in number and character were very creditable to the enterprise. And how much more pleasing would have been the prospect had not the white man been everywhere present with his "fire-water," and the fertile brain of the master missionary not been made to teem with measures for delivering the Red Man from him.

X.

Brighter Skies — *DISTINGUISHED VISITORS; MOVING IN WINTER; INCREASED INTEREST; NIGHT ENCOUNTER.*

IN midsummer of this year (1826) the Board appointed Mr. McCoy its agent to attend to the settling of the Indians in the West. Two new missionaries had been appointed, while Mr. Polke had retired, on account of the requirements of his large family—a brother beloved, of talents and piety. Mr. Lykins took the position of teacher and superintendent to the Ottawas, in place of Mr. Polke. Soon he had the pleasure of driving to his charge a herd of fifty-five cattle, which had been furnished by the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and which were distributed for draught, milk and increase, rather than to be killed for food.

A little later, Judge Lieb, Commissioner, made a second visit of inspection to the school. He spoke in the most encouraging terms of the entire "Carey establishment," as he termed it, saying that he was "much gratified with its improvement in all its departments. It is a world in miniature, and presents the most cheerful and consoling appearance." The report evinces a full insight of the character and operations of the institution, and contains such lofty

utterances as to make a few quotations of value to this narrative. It says:

"It is a touching spectacle to see them (natives of vicinity), at the time of prayers, fall in with the members of the institution, which they do spontaneously and cheerfully, and with a certain animation depicted on their countenances, exhibiting their internal satisfaction. . . There are at present seventy scholars—forty-two males, and twenty-eight females, in various stages of improvement. . . The girls are engaged in spinning, knitting, and weaving, and the loom has produced one hundred and eighty-five yards of cloth this year. . . There have been added to the buildings, since my last visit, a house and a most excellent grist-mill worked by horses. The usefulness of this mill can scarcely be appreciated, as there is no other of any kind within one hundred miles, at least, of the establishment; and here, as benevolence is the predominating principle, all the surrounding population is benefited. . . Occupancy now seems consecrated by the labor which their (natives) new exertions cost, and results in giving birth in the mind of the Indian to a strong sense of individual property. This germ, as it expands, will give root to a principle which will insure gradual civilization, producing security against want, while it dissipates the fears arising from a precarious subsistence."

He was visited by numerous chiefs of great influence, who came to express satisfaction with the mission and its work, and who invited him to a conference. On one of these occasions he improved his opportunity to admonish them as to the baneful

effects of whisky. A venerable chief, surrounded by other chiefs, and by a numerous offspring, who, like himself, were magnificently attired, made full confession of the weakness of the race as to strong drink, and its terrible ravages among them. Finally, elevating his dignified person, he remarked: "If our Great Father (President of the United States) feels such an interest to preserve us as you mention, *all powerful as he is*, why does he not command his people to abstain from seeking, in the ways you mention, our destruction? He has but to *will* it, and his *will* will be done. He can punish; he can save us from the ruin which surrounds us. We can do nothing of ourselves. If whisky were not brought to us we should soon cease to think of it, and we should be happier and healthier."

Judge Lieb adds: "All this was said with so much feeling and truth that I blushed for my country, and could find no apology for my Government in not devising means to restrain these licentious traders, high and low individuals, and companies, who, by every means, open and covert, are conveying to the Indian the poison of his life and his hopes." Many have blushed for their country; many are doing so now for the same reason.

The expected treaty with the various tribes occurred in the autumn of 1826, and was attended by Mr. McCoy and one of his pupils, who were absent from Carey about two months. In hope of obtaining reservations for the benefit of the pupils of the school, they spent some days in exploring the country as they went out. If there should be a removal of the tribes to the West,

ultimately, these lands might be sold, and the proceeds used in getting a start in their new location.

The business of the treaty occupied nearly four weeks, Governors Cass and Ray and General Tipton, of Indiana, being commissioners of the Government. Mr. McCoy, on Sabbaths, preached in the council house, and pleaded for Indian reform, and made known the plans and requests of the commission. It was sought to convince them that their woes would accumulate in the existing location, and that if they should consent to remove, the missionaries would go with them, and continue the school and general labors for their benefit.

Annuities were obtained for the operations at Carey, and for education of the Indians. And to such students at the mission as had completed their course, sixty-two in number, were given reservations of land, from one hundred and sixty acres to six hundred and forty acres each, aggregating ten thousand five hundred and sixty acres. Five hundred dollars' worth of goods, suitable for clothing and bedding, were granted to the school.

The Miamis were embraced in the provision for education, being allowed one thousand dollars a year so long as the President should deem the appropriation expedient. This revived that interest for them which had such a positive development in Mr. and Mrs. McCoy at the outset of their missionary career. They had brought forward the difficult undertaking at Fort Wayne to an encouraging degree, so that, in leaving that place, some twenty interesting Miami youths were left at an important stage in their studies.

This was a trial to them that they could not forget, especially as many of the most respectable of the tribe had frequently entreated them to remain with them permanently; and as the way had been opened by the treaty for giving that people some advantages, Mr. McCoy secured the privilege of managing the school in connection with the mission. "But all ended in disappointment," chiefly for want of missionaries.

A new movement in behalf of the mission among the Ottawas began in November, 1826. Some preparatory work had been done in the construction of buildings, but no missionary had been regularly laboring for them; and to put the station into operation, it seemed necessary that Mr. McCoy and his family should go there. Miss L. Purchase, a specimen of an almost extinct Massachusetts tribe, having joined them, went as helper. Several others also were in company. At this remote time it is quite entertaining to note the experiences of the little caravan in its course through the wilderness to its destination, which was Thomas, on Grand river, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles.

It started November 28; consisting of thirteen persons, a small one-horse wagon and five horses, with twenty-three swine. In addition, there was a horse-load of provisions; and an ox team was hired to take hay and corn as far into the wilderness as it could venture to go without danger of perishing from hunger on the return, from which supplies the animals were to be fed on the way. The traveling was bad, on account of the trackless and snowy region through which they passed. The ox wagon mired, and with difficulty was

extricated. "And later in the day," says the mission journal, "my one-horse wagon, with my wife and three children in it, upset. It was on the side of a hill, and our situation for a while seemed perilous. The mother and three children were all fastened beneath the carriage, so that they could not easily be extricated. The infant had been heard to weep and cease. It was breathless when first relieved, but soon recovered. During this time our horse was lying with his back down the hill, in a position from which he could not recover without our assistance. We were happy to find that, although we were a little bruised, we were not seriously injured. That night we pitched our tent beside a large log, and, raking off the snow, made our bed on the earth. We carried with us implements for the purpose of removing the snow."

For eight days the struggle with the elements went on. Snow falling; way lost; cold extreme, making it necessary to halt and kindle a fire early in the day. Infant quite ill of fever, and no water obtained on diligent search. Country open; a piercing wind to contend with, and so much snow that progress was very slow. "I knew," says Mr. M., "that we should soon perish with cold and for want of water. Without stating the extent of my uneasiness on account of our situation, I proposed still to proceed a little and a little farther. In order to lighten our carriage and facilitate our march, I walked and drove it. We at length reached a little grove of oaks, whose proximity to each other had tended to diminish the quantity of snow about them, and where I hoped to be able to kindle a fire. On the sides of these small trees we hung blank-

ets, to break the chilling wind, and in the lea we soon had a fire burning. In the meantime, our man in search of water had been successful in finding what would answer our purpose, with the snow, which we were now able to melt."

The company was broken much of the time, a part trying one course and another part pursuing a different way; all hallooing frequently to avoid losing each other. Yet, on the second day after the above experience, persons and pigs were brought into nearness to each other, and all encamped near an Indian village. Next day Miss Purchase and three or four others started early, and by a hard day's journey reached Thomas. Those with the wagon found the way more and more difficult; "all within had frequently to quit it in difficult places." One day more, and all were safely at the end of their dreadful journey. The horses were to be sent back to Carey to be wintered, and little amounts of corn were hidden here and there on the way, for their feed in returning; the hired oxen faring in the same way.

The arrival was something to occasion a jubilee. The missionaries were expected, and some of the neighboring Indians had requested that the trumpet be blown as they should arrive, that they might have an early opportunity of calling to shake their hands. The request was not granted, for the weary ones from Carey needed rest. Still, the news reached a neighboring village, and a few called late in the evening, and in the village the drum was beaten all night as a token of rejoicing. On the following day some of the principal chiefs, with many others—men, women, and chil-

dren—visited them, and bade them welcome to their country. There is joy, even among savages, when the steps of the good are directed toward them. How beautiful the feet that came through the snow on an errand of rescue!

"Mr. Lykins, with a hired Frenchman, had left Carey on the 20th of October, for the purpose of getting supplies to Thomas, and of putting our buildings there in such order as would admit of our wintering in them. At the mouth of St. Joseph's river he put his property and a large pirogue on board of a schooner, on Lake Michigan, and had them conveyed to the mouth of Grand river. The schooner anchored a mile from shore; the pirogue was lowered into the water, and, being loaded, was towed ashore by a long boat, while the waves ran so high as to threaten to turn all into the lake. Three trips to and from the vessel got all ashore, but not without wetting both men and goods." A violent storm of wind and rain followed, compelling the men to take the goods farther up the beach. A delay of an hour on the lake would have prevented landing, and driven all to Mackinaw for the winter.

It was with extreme difficulty, occasioned by snow, rain, and severe cold, that Mr. Lykins and his men succeeded in getting the goods to Thomas. At a village where they were quartered for a day or two from the weather, occupying huts vacated for the winter's hunt, they discovered a specimen idol seven and a half feet high, facing the south. A bunch of feathers from the tail of an eagle was suspended from the right shoulder; on the back of the neck hung a bunch of

different feathers, and on the left shoulder was tied a piece of tobacco. Spots and lines were found on the face and breast. It seemed to be old. Around it was a dancing-ground. As such a sight was rare, it is presumed that idolatry was not common among the aborigines, none of it being known in the North prior to European emigration.

At some time in the previous year the question of educating some of the natives for the medical profession was fully considered, and correspondence had as to placing two of them in a medical institution, at Castleton, Vermont. The plan originated in the mission, and benevolent friends in Vermont had offered to meet their expenses, yet the Board declined to approve of the object, because it was calculated, it thought, to divert means to particular objects which would "be attended with mischievous consequences." The missionaries felt, very keenly, the disapprobation of one of their favorite projects, and, not meaning any disrepect to their advisers (not supporters, financially), they sent the two young men, in care of Mr. Lykins. The journey was made in winter—nearly all journeys being made in that season because the most pressing duties at home occurred in summer. It required three months. The boys found friends, and great hopes were cherished as to their future usefulness, as they were proficient in their studies, but both died of pulmonary disease early in their course of preparation—an event in every way saddening to the circle at Carey.

The McCoys, and those who came with them from Carey, were much encouraged by the progress made

at Thomas during their stay of three or four months. The number of pupils reached to twenty-one. Improvements were made in buildings, land fenced, and many acres planted. Religious exercises were well attended, some Indians walking a long distance to attend family prayers, both morning and evening. The morning exercise required them to arise very early, as they were not in a habit of doing. Many expressed a desire to attend regularly on preaching while Mr. McCoy should remain. In May there was considerable changing of places among the laborers, some going from Carey to Thomas, while Mr. McCoy and family returned to Carey, with Miss Purchase. Mr. McCoy had become much attached to the new station, and said that he had not seen one in a condition so hopeful. Mr. and Mrs. Slater came to it from Carey, expecting to remain with it permanently.

Mr. Lykins, in charge at Thomas, and whose experience with traveling in cold weather and transportation by water included such severities as Mr. McCoy endured, also records hopeful indications. A council was had with the natives, at which much good feeling was manifested, and Naoqua Keshuck, an Ottawa chief, commonly called Noonday, took the place of spokesman, and said: "I remember your promises to us; I have forgotten nothing. You said you would help us to build houses, make fence, plows, and such like things, besides giving us a blacksmith, a school, and a preacher. I have seen the beginning of the fulfillment of your promises—have seen a little done. We are all rejoiced that you have come to live with us, and hope that we shall realize the whole. You

have told us to be good, and I tell you that ever since you first talked to me about God, I have been trying to be good; and since that time I and a few others of my people have often endeavored to persuade others to become good also. For my own part, I acknowledge that I know nothing correctly about the Great Spirit, and I am glad that you have come to live among us, and regularly preach to us about Him." Mr. Lykins responded by pointing to the things promised, all in readiness, not excepting teacher and preacher.

The labors at Carey had assumed a uniformity, with but little relief from trials. Visits to neighboring villages for instructing in religion were less successful than previously, because, it being too early for vegetables, the natives suffered for want of food, and were away digging roots, or seeking some spontaneous production of the forest with which to sustain life.

There were no mail facilities, and it became necessary to keep up communication by expresses, since the mission had business at Chicago, ninety miles away, at Fort Wayne, one hundred miles, and at Detroit, two hundred miles distant; and these expresses were runners, Indians and others, and neither swift nor safe.

The missionaries were horrified continually by occurrences among the savages, too numerous for these pages, and too dreadful for the ordinary mind to contemplate; yet fidelity in the historian requires narration of some of the facts. The Sauks (Sacs), who made annual visits to Canada to receive presents from the English for their help in the war between Eng-

land and the United States, often passed the mission, and in doing so called to obtain favors. From them some things were learned. They were cannibals, and frequently killed their prisoners, after holding them in captivity for some time, and ate the flesh of the victims. This eating of human flesh is thought to have been due to the superstitious notion that it inspired the consumer with additional courage, rather than because of hunger. The Putawatomies, Ottawas, Chippewas, and Miamis, all were cannibals.

A new experience was had when Mr. McCoy and Mr. Meeker went to Grand River, Thomas, in August of this year, 1827. Besides the common experience of swimming their horses over swollen streams and the encounter of rainstorms, they had an all-night fight for a sleep. To avoid lodging on the wet earth, they turned from their way and took shelter in an Indian hut, to which they were welcomed all too cordially. Being shown to a scaffold, beneath a shed, as their sleeping place, they soon learned that they were baiting battalions of fleas. Mr. Meeker retreated to another scaffold built for the purpose of drying corn, but the enemy was there also. A dance was one of the night's entertainments in a house adjoining, and with the drumming, dancing and singing, and the army of fleas bent on foraging to a fill, there was no sleep for the missionaries that night. All filthy vermin with which human beings are liable to be infested abound among Indians, on account of their modes of life and filthy habits. Cutaneous diseases follow their uncleanliness, and being contagious are very hard to manage when attacking a school. Much of the missionary

work in this world is made disagreeable by such causes.

Mr. Meeker joined Mr. Slater in the conduct of the Thomas mission, taking the position of Superintendent of the Station. He was well received by the Indians, the Ottawas, who conceived the notion that they should bestow upon him some name. After struggling with the question for a while, and conferring with Mr. McCoy, "all became seated, in a serious manner, as if a matter of great moment had been on hand, when the old chief, Blackskin, arose and shook the hand of all the whites, both male and female; then turning to Mr. McCoy, said, 'my brother, it is nothing bad that I am about to say. We are all pleased that you have brought this young man to live with us; we are happy to hear that he is a speaker of things that are good. It is difficult for us to pronounce his English name, and we therefore desire to give him an Indian name. We have decided that his name shall be, Mano-keketoh' (speaker of good words). 'We have given him a good name. We hope he will remain with us, to teach us and our children good things.' He concluded by extending the hand to Mr. Meeker and calling his new name, followed by Mr. McCoy in doing the same. The usual feast, given by the recipient or friends, was omitted on this occasion."

XI.

Great Philanthropy — *COLONIZATION; IN THE EAST; EXPLORING WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI.*

MR. McCoy returned after a few days, gratified by the progress among the Ottawas, as manifested in a desire to receive religious instruction and in efforts to improve their villages and little farms.

In September, his excellency Lewis Cass and suite visited Carey and made a treaty with the Putawatomies, consolidating several small reservations in one, and awarding them goods and money. The traders and whisky-sellers came also, and, encamping within a mile or two, managed to relieve the helpless creatures of all their money in about twenty-four hours, and then went elsewhere.

The treaty helped the mission greatly in an indirect way. The three gentlemen, of the commission, after seeing the establishment, tendered their services in promotion of the views according to which it was proceeding. Gov. Cass was the guest of Mr. McCoy, much to the gratification of the family and school, which he had favored from the first. He visited, with flattering commendation to all concerned, both the girls' and boys' departments. He reported that at a previous

treaty at Green Bay, provision had been made for educational purposes, and Mr. McCoy hoped that a cherished plan of establishing a mission on Fox river might be promoted by some of the means; but—it was the old story—there were no missionaries to improve the opening of Providence.

Some insidious attempts to disturb the settled order of things reached the ear of the Governor, and he recommended Mr. McCoy to visit Washington again and seek to make such arrangements with the department of Indian Affairs as the circumstances of the mission called for. Mr. McCoy says: "Our expenses were heavy. Besides the seventy Indian children to be supported and educated at Carey, we had to contrive to meet the expenses of Thomas station. All supplies for that place, except what they could make on the ground, were sent from Carey, usually in pirogues or a barge, by water. Accidents by winds and water sometimes befell them and occasioned great loss, adding distressingly to the expense."

The advice of Gov. Cass as to visiting Washington, being in keeping with Mr. McCoy's previous course, was readily accepted. He had written extensively on Indian Reform, advocating the removal of the tribes to a permanent home west of the state of Missouri, and to get this work into print and to prevail on the Board to memorialize Congress in behalf of colonization, was a prominent object of the contemplated journey. With his characteristic courage he again left home, with its comparatively comfortable quarters, and plunged into the wilderness with its houseless accommodations, expecting to be long on the way and in perils often.

and to be absent several months. Feeling, like Paul, that he had a mission of great importance, he possessed the decision to make the needed sacrifice.

Leaving home October 15, 1827, and taking a man to assist him through the wilderness to Detroit, he reached that city on the eighth day, having encamped four nights without a house. Remembering the wants of the mission at Thomas, he here obtained two hired men for it, and also sent up the lakes a supply of salt, flour, and other articles.

He reached New York November 7, and was greatly encouraged to find Dr. Spencer H. Cone in full sympathy with his views, and who had been laboring to convince the Board of the practicability and importance of forming permanent settlements of the tribes in the far west. On November 13 Mr. McCoy met the Board in Boston, and it then resolved to memorialize Congress to bestow its favor upon the enterprise, and to appoint him an agent to visit the West with a view to making it successful. The Board examined his manuscript, and resolved that it should be printed, and forthwith it was published and distributed gratuitously. A copy was given to each member of Congress and each of the heads of Departments, and copies were sent to different States.

He visited Washington in December and was permitted to lay the memorial of the Board before the House of Representatives, in favor of organizing an Indian Territory, and to acquaint the President, John Quincy Adams, and the Secretary of War with the plan. Both of these distinguished officers of Government gave encouraging replies. And of more than

thirty members of Congress with whom he became acquainted, the greater part favored the beneficent design. Yet, with sentiments of humanity avowed, there was an expression of conviction that the Indian race was destined to extermination; also a fear among the representatives of non-slaveholding states lest Indians should be brought from the South into those states, in disregard of the Missouri Compromise.

However, while Mr. McCoy was in Washington, Congress made an appropriation to meet the expense of exploring the West, with a view to colonization, and the President ordered the same to be made the following year; a consummation due to the presence and power of the missionary from the western woods. He and Captain George Kennerly, of St. Louis, were appointed to conduct the expedition of exploration. Permission was given him to take delegations of Putawatomies and Ottawas, and to make a more extensive survey than that first contemplated. And Heman Lincoln, treasurer of the Board, came from Boston to Washington to aid in promoting his plans.

Leaving the capital February 11, he arrived at Carey on the 21st, having had "an uncommonly disagreeable time on that part of the journey which lay through the wilderness, on account of high water and cold." What must it not have been?—*uncommonly* disagreeable! Imagining the thoughts of the missionary on this long, lonely, desperate ride, what could have saved him from despair except the nobility of the aim with which he entered upon the Indian mission, and trust in the God of missions!

On reaching home, the news was not altogether of an unmixed character. "The increasing evils, arising from the proximity of the white population," had become more apparent, in the lapse of some trusted ones into the drinking habit. Seeking medical aid for his family had been attended with "perils of waters," surpassing, it may be, any heretofore described. The following details by Mr. McCoy will aid the reader's conception of pioneer life in respect to meeting an emergency of illness:

A hired white man and our third son, only a boy, set out for Fort Wayne on that errand. They swam their horses twice across St. Joseph's river, crossing themselves in canoes. When they reached Elkhart river, about fifty miles from Carey, they found it very high. They encamped on its bank until the following day, when, the stream still remaining full, they formed the imprudent resolution to swim it. One of their horses was thought unable to carry his rider through; they therefore put on him most of the baggage which was necessary in traveling through the wilderness. Their plan was for the young man to ride the stronger horse across, while my son drove in the poor one, in the hope that he would follow; after which it was hoped that the strong horse could be induced to swim back, and that my son could mount him and swim him across to his traveling companion. The man and horse got across, but the pack-horse, being unwilling to encounter the stream, turned down it, and, after losing his load, saddle, and all, with difficulty got out of the stream on the same side. My son plunged into the river to endeavor to save some of the baggage, but was unsuccessful. The young man, then attempting to return on his strong horse, became disengaged from him, and, with

difficulty, swam ashore. The horse came out, but without his saddle. They now found themselves on the same side on which they had commenced their enterprise, but without provisions to eat, or a blanket to make them comfortable in sleep. Without saddles, they went twelve miles to a trading-house, where they found a canoe, to which they fastened one of their horses, and dragged it to the place of the disaster, and made an unsuccessful search for their lost property. They then returned the canoe by the same difficult means, and, after a fruitless absence of seven days, returned to Carey. Medical aid was subsequently obtained.

At the time of Mr. McCoy's return from Washington, two new missionaries arrived, Mr. David and Miss Eleanor Richardson, both from Cincinnati, Ohio, the first making but a short stay. The two stations were so related to each other that labors were applied and interchanged as circumstances seemed to require. Mr. McCoy was in place at either point, and necessity kept him on the road between, considerably, whatever his state of health. And the journeys were as severe to horses as to men. Grazing being the dependence at all seasons, the travelers would seek grassy places for encampment, often going out of the way for them, and lodging in deserted huts near them. The escape of the animals from camp, in their desperation for food, sometimes caused nightly searching for them in the woods, instead of repose on the frozen ground or a brush heap. The blue grass afforded some grazing at all seasons, and was often found near the sites of Indian villages.

The missionaries, with such an enterprising leader,

were constantly devising the enlargement of the work. They were anxious to establish a station at Sault de St. Marie, among the Ojibwas (Chippewas), hundreds of miles north, on the strait between lakes Huron and Superior; and Mr. McCoy, while in Washington, had obtained consent with proffer of land for this object, from the Department of Indian Affairs. Missionaries came from the Tonawanda school, near Niagara, including Rev. A. Bingham, joined subsequently by his son, Rev. A. J. Bingham, Rev. Moses Merrill and Jotham Meeker; also by Miss Mary Rice and Miss Eleanor Macomber, sent by the Board, of whom the latter afterward entered the mission to the Karens, in Burma, and there closed her life in memorable service. The Binghams continued at Sault for many years, "with commendable zeal and success."

The last of June (1828) information was received at the mission that Government had ordered an exploring expedition, agreeably to act of Congress, with a view to removal of the tribes beyond the Mississippi. This order involved the employment of Mr. McCoy as leader and provision for expenses, and, therefore, relieved him of the anxiety felt since his return from Washington, four months before. Still, he had fully determined to make such a tour, if obliged to do so on his own responsibility; for colonization was the supreme object of his life, and to that this advance movement was necessary. Believing that removal would certainly take place, affairs in Michigan were made to conform to the change, beginning with retrenchment of farming operations and disposal of property.

Indians being naturally averse to leaving their

haunts and hunting-grounds, the tribes about the mission were with difficulty, and only partially, interested in the plans for their better situation. Government did no more to identify them with the expedition than to give Mr. McCoy liberty to take some of them into his party. This he did, having cautiously applied to individuals, with promise of special reward. He secured three of the Ottawas, including Noonday and Gosa, who had come to be counted friends, and three of the Putawatomies; one of the latter, a half Indian, to serve as interpreter. Other preparations, such as purchasing horses, were made also; and all before the order came from Washington, which only specified three Putawatomies as representatives of the Indians, but afterward included the three Ottawas, without hesitation.

Mischievous white men tried to create prejudice among the Indians against the expedition, telling them that it was an attempt to deceive them; that the land was far away, excessively hot, sickly, and infested with venomous serpents, and that the tribes of that country would take their scalps. A party of natives plied the Ottawa delegates with these statements, and then visited Mr. McCoy and said that they "had heard a little bird singing the news they spoke of," to which he replied that he had heard the notes of the same little bird—the white man.

The day came for this well-planned and venturesome tour to begin. There were but seven tourists in all, yet in valor and strength of purpose, and in experience of hardship it would have been difficult to have found their superiors. Mr. McCoy, however

felt some misgiving on going from home at a season unfavorable to his health, and in view of the responsibility attending the exploration. He could but see some lions in the way, yet he faltered not from the outset to the end of this, the most protracted and responsible of the many remarkable tours of his missionary career. He felt strong in Noonday and Gosa, Ottawa delegates whom he had trusted on other important occasions, yet what caprice might seize them on the way, or what means of corruption might be brought to bear upon them by others he knew not.

It was on the second of July that they set out. The weather was exceedingly warm. Passing through the wilderness to St. Louis, a distance of more than four hundred miles, and occupying fifteen days in travel, they slept in tents in the open air. Twice was Mr. McCoy very sick, but seldom in his journeys had he escaped this experience, and it did not deter him from proceeding. They were to be reinforced at St. Louis by representatives from tribes in the South, by direction of Government. They waited nearly one month before the first of them arrived—a company of four Creeks. An express messenger was sent to the Chickasaws, and still another, later, to secure their delegation; but the delay was consuming time, and making the Indians from Michigan impatient.

General William Clark, Superintendent of Indian Affairs in the Western District, had instructions not to forward the company until the Chickasaws should arrive. The accompanying physician declined to go without positive orders. It was represented, too, that the season was unfavorable; that it was so hot and

sickly; and that horseflies were so numerous and water so scarce that the journey was impracticable. But Mr. McCoy, taking the reins in his own hands, after making himself safe with the general in command, started off for the western wilderness, the general finally consenting, and adding much good counsel and instruction. Two white men were hired to assist in packing and camping, making nine, with twelve horses and an equipment of arms and ammunition. Mr. McCoy lost his riding horse during encampment on the first Sabbath, but next day purchased another.

The Indians took some game, but were not satisfied with their luck for some days, when Gosa brought in a young bear. This exploit, with the taking of the dam subsequently, raised their spirits. On breaking camp "Noonday placed the feet of the bears, and such other pieces as had been left, at the root of a tree, and carefully covered them with brush and leaves." When inquired of as to the reason, he answered that "the form of the bear so much resembled that of man, that it was thought there might be some relationship between men and bears, and on this account some respect in regard to funerals was due the latter." He pronounced an address over the deceased, saying that he desired to perpetuate the good will which had long existed between the Ottawas and the bear family.

Aiming to form an acquaintance with the Osages, whom they found to be a wretched, half-clothed tribe, subsisting on roots and other scanty means of existence, they called on one (half Osage) by the name of Noel Mograin, who was to be their interpreter. He refused to go unless another old Osage sitting by

should be employed also. Being compelled to comply, the company was thus increased to eleven. But the old man, half naked and on foot, did not hold out. Effort was made to keep him, for the sake of keeping Mograin, but, though they increased his comforts, he deserted. Mograin came to be doubted by Mr. McCoy as lacking either knowledge of the country or fidelity and courage; yet he continued, and Mr. M. followed his own counsels mainly.

The Comanches in the country were known to be very troublesome to passing traders at this season of the year and along the Santa Fé road, and Mr. McCoy admonished his men to be on their guard, and keep their guns in good order. But they were so delighted with the fine prairies, and with firing upon deer and elk, that they did not feel much concern for their scalps. He took the precaution to leave the bells off the horses when hobbled, and reconnoitered the country to ascertain in what part of it they were, taking but one man, to avoid making many tracks. Striking the Santa Fé road, he returned to camp, and bore southward to the Neosho river, and ascended it.

Game seemed to be scarce and provisions short. But finally discovering a herd of elk he pitched tent, and while he and the two white men stayed by the stuff, the Indians entered upon the chase and came in at night, bringing a fine specimen and filled with exultation over their sport. One of them, being quite ill, went in the chase because he could not be restrained. "The beneficial effects which would have been sought in the administration of an emetic, or a dose of calomel, were produced by the exercises of the day, and

restoration of health followed"—one instance in which Mr. McCoy was found to be only second best as a doctor.

The next day being Sunday, two nights were passed without breaking camp; giving the wolves an opportunity to spy out the commissary department. On the second night they drew largely upon the supply of elk and venison, which lay near to Mr. McCoy. He heard the craunching, and supposing it to be done by Mograin's dog, which had some rights, he resumed his slumbers; dog and men alike lying quietly by the fire while the enemy preyed upon their stock of provisions instead of devouring the sleepers. Indians, like wolves, are contented after a "comfortable meal"; and white people may be classified with them in this particular.

Mr. McCoy disclaims for the aborigines the taciturnity that has been attributed to them. While silent and sour under a jealous or revengeful mind they are loquacious and mirthful to excess in different conditions of feeling. He says: "From the time I started with Putawatomies and Ottawas, from Michigan, until we had made the tour so far as to return to St. Louis, I rose early and traveled industriously every journeying day. Nevertheless, it was common for them to spend hours at night, short as the nights were at that season, in reciting humorous anecdotes, which they enjoyed exquisitely, as was manifested by their animated peals of laughter. When they had not fact of which to compose a story fiction supplied its place and was employed with equal facility. Their tent was always near my own, and for some time after we commenced our journey, and

before habit had overcome the inconvenience, these long, merry conversations were a great annoyance to me when I desired to sleep. The night after their grand elk chase was memorable for this kind of glee."

Resuming their journey on September 15, 1828, and encamping on the 17th on the Kauzau,or Kansas, river, they found themselves near the most remote of the Kauzau villages. Their appearance alarmed the tribe, and with fleeing to places of concealment and arming themselves, great commotion existed among them, which the approaching party found it difficult to quell. When, by the intervention of Mograin, confidence in the peaceful intentions of the comers was created, men and women went out to meet them, bearing a present of boiled corn in a kettle. Mr. McCoy sent a message to the village by Mograin, accompanied by a few "twists of tobacco."

At the second encampment, at a suitable location near them, the baggage was first secured and put under guard, and then Mr. McCoy went into the village to hold a council with the inhabitants. He says: "At camp, and at all other places, men, women, children, and dogs swarmed about us. We were conducted into a large bark hut, in the more central part of which were two fireplaces. This, with the exception of a small space at each fire, was instantly crowded. Such a scene ensued as I had never before witnessed, of crowding of men, women, and children; talking, scolding, crying of children, a few of the good mothers singing to quiet them; dogs fighting, and the conquered begging loudly for quarters. Boiled corn, in

two large wooden bowls, supplied with a few buffalo-horn spoons and ladles, was placed before us. We ate, and smoked, and talked, being obliged to elevate our voices in order to be heard amidst the din of noises by which we were surrounded. We breathed an atmosphere far from pleasant, to improve which I made a little aperture in the fragile bark wall."

The sojourn and council were made memorable by the presence of a few Pawnees, who were hostile to the Kauzaus (Kansans) and Osages. The condition of these savages, also "barefooted, bareheaded, *naked*, miserable," as seen by the visitor, furnished information by which to silence the voice of such as claim that the Indian is, originally, happy and virtuous. And his propensity to wickedness and crimes of all kinds was likewise learned anew. The exploring company, after packing as safely as possible, and omitting to bell the horses, that they might not be discovered and stolen, were purloined in a small way, losing buckles cut from the girths of the saddles, and other trifling things, which excited the curiosity and cupidity of a people that regarded not, or knew not, the rights of property. Such a lack of the moral sense had appeared from the first entrance of the missionaries into the Indian regions.

The Kauzaus resided along the Kauzau river, yet they kept no river craft—not a single canoe; in this respect differing from the northern and other tribes. The expedition, therefore, was without means of crossing that stream, and was compelled to alter its course in turning toward the white settlements.

It was found that scarcely sufficient time remained

for reaching St. Louis by the arrival of the delegates of the southern tribes, with whom another exploration was to take place. So, on September 19, they broke camp. Soon they were intercepted by a man on horseback, who had ridden at full speed for six or seven miles for the sole purpose, he said, of seeing them, and getting a piece of tobacco. A chief, he said, had started with him on the same errand, but the race had proved too long for him and his horse.

Breadstuff was scarce, but by taking a little corn, and by economy in dividing what they could get into small rations, daily, the tour was completed in what they called "tolerable comfort."

XII.

Reinforced Touring — *ROUNDING AT ST. LOUIS; A FULL RETINUE; AMONG THE TRIBES; WITH CONGRESS.*

THE expedition arrived at St. Louis after an absence of fifty days. The tourists had gone as far as to settlements of Shawanoes, on the line of the state of Missouri. Mr. McCoy had obtained a knowledge of the territory designed for Indian settlements, embracing a tract about eighty miles in width, from south to north, and one hundred and fifty in length, from east to west—a country far better than he had anticipated. He and his fellow laborers had fully decided, after much consideration, and consultation with Government and the Board of Missions, to remove to this country and open their work anew, whether those two bodies should coincide with the movement or not. They hoped, too, that their influence with the tribes in Michigan would enable them to induce them to remove and settle there with them. With such plans fully fixed, Mr. McCoy closely observed the localities through which they passed, and, on returning through the white settlements across the state of Missouri, selected the town of Fayette as his temporary home, until permanent settlement should be made in the Indian Territory.

Arriving at St. Louis, he fitted out his half dozen Putawatomies and Ottawas for their homeward journey, and, after giving them the expected presents, and more, he accompanied them thirty miles. They were pleased with the gifts, and with the country they had traversed. He returned, with his face still toward the West, and a larger expedition in prospect, while his heart beat for Carey.

It was not until the 12th of October that the Choctaws, Creeks, and Chickasaws arrived from the South; six of the first, four of the second, and thirteen of the third. The delay, and the added responsibility of this new and larger company, made up from tribes he had not become acquainted with, added to thoughts of home, made Mr. McCoy reluctant to advance. Yet the sense of duty was paramount, and at once he began preparations for the second tour in the wilderness. The three tribes had attendants, one each, and there were four United States officers with servants, making an imposing body and retinue of thirty-six in all—Captain Kennerly, commander, and Mr. McCoy cashier. The last of the company left St. Louis October 22, the captain and the missionary traveling in a small dearborn wagon. One of the Creeks soon died of measles, which he had caught in St. Louis.

They were under instructions from the Department to explore the country north as well as west of Missouri, provided the Indian delegates would consent; but the latter positively dissented to a movement that foretold a remote removal from their original residences in the Southland. They had entered upon the tour very reluctantly, anyhow. It re-

quired great liberality in General Clark, acting for the Government, to prevent them from turning back after they had arrived at St. Louis. And before the company had reached the western line of Missouri the Choctaws were strongly inclined to turn away and go to some of their people on Red river.

Had the ranks been broken through disaffection, the expedition might have proved a failure. Mr. McCoy, feeling that much depended on himself, contrived to travel in the rear, and retain in his company some of the more influential Indians. He took into the carriage Colonel Levi Colbert, principal in the Chickasaw delegation (in place of Captain Kennerly, who went ahead on horseback), and persuaded him to persevere, and improved opportunities to stimulate others.

It was the 3d of November when they encamped on the western line of Missouri, three hundred miles from St. Louis. In view of winter, near at hand, it was very desirable to push on, in order to see as much of the country as possible; yet they were detained there for six days. The company had increased to forty-two persons, and they had about sixty horses, making mobility less easy. The Shawanoes, as before, reciprocated friendly visits with the delegations at this encampment. On the other hand, warning came from Fort Leavenworth, not far away, to be wary of the Pawnees, who were on a war expedition, and if admitted to camp might take advantage of the chance to commit some treacherous deed.

At the time of the previous tour, fragments of a party of traders were met which had been shadowed

and beset by them, losing men and mules, nearly perishing with hunger and fatigue, and compelled to abandon many articles, including large sums of silver, and to hide some thousands of dollars in the earth until such time as it might be recovered.

Having broken camp and started off briskly, Mr. McCoy's horse fell with him and rolled upon his foot and leg. The injury thus received, not only to the limb, but also to his side, caused him much pain for several days; in fact, to the end of his life it occasioned suffering in unfavorable weather. The physician of the party "bled him pretty freely!"

On November 11 the company encamped on Osage river. They had been reinforced by Mograin, their former interpreter. A messenger had been dispatched from St. Louis, and had traveled over three hundred miles for him. While in different camps they often witnessed peculiarities of Indian life and character that were amusing, if not instructive; for instance, the performances of the public crier, chosen to announce the arrival of a person whom they wished to notice, or to publish the news. One of these performed before the tourists by proclaiming the name of the Chickasaws about twenty times, as loudly as he could yell, and names of Choctaws, and Creeks, and individuals were given him for the same purpose, until his power gave out. A terrific noise, following the firing of a gun by one of the delegation, thought to be that of a bear, was found to be the voice of a Kauzau woman, who was frightened by the sight of the strangers. Mograin hallooed to her in an intelligible way, and quelled her insane fear.

An hour later a perspiring footman overtook the company, through great effort, moved by curiosity. He was rewarded with the ever convenient and always satisfying twist of tobacco.

The Sabbath had been strictly observed during the first tour, not only by refraining from travel, but likewise by services, morning and evening, in the Indian language. But the present company was large, and not fully under Mr. McCoy's control, and he was compelled to yield to the general desire to keep going, and get through the wilderness. However, on Sunday mornings he was invited to perform religious service before breaking camp, and to it good attention was given. Two or three of the southern delegation were Christians, and a number were quite intelligent.

On arriving at the Osage agency November 17, notice was sent to the Osages that the delegation desired to meet them in council. On the 20th, having pitched tents near the village of the chief, named White Hair, a large, long fire of logs was made, at which they were joined by about twenty Osage chiefs and principal men. "The usual ceremonies of shaking hands, smoking, and speech-making were entered upon, and continued until night, when, all parties agreeing that *peace speeches* ought not to be made *in the dark*, we adjourned till the following day."

"That night," continues Mr. McCoy, "the coldness of the weather increased to severity. Our encampment was in a narrow streak of timber, with many miles of woodland plain on both sides. The wind was high, with snow falling, and our situation became very uncomfortable. The weather was so severe on the

following day that it was late before the council convened. In the meantime, we were invited to a feast of boiled buffalo meat in the house of the chief, Belle Ouizo. In the absence of chairs, we all became seated on the floor, when bowls of boiled meat were placed before us, and each used his own knife and his own fingers. Immediately on the completion of this, we were taken to the house of the chief, White Hair, to partake of similar hospitality, the eatables being the same in kind and cookery."

The council was completed at the house of the chief, resulting in a reciprocity of good feelings and fair speeches. "In confirmation of friendship, the southern Indians offered, and the Osages accepted, strings of white porcelain beads, tied to a piece of tobacco. This is termed 'making a white road between the parties, which is to be kept clean.' . . . With some ceremony an Osage warrior came forward in council and presented the principal Choctaw chief with the scalp of a Pawnee. The acceptance was followed by a brief speech in behalf of the Osage nation, in which the orator argued that, as the Choctaws had accepted of a scalp at the hands of the former, which they had taken from an enemy, the Choctaws, as a nation, were bound, by the customs of Indians, to espouse their interests, and that the Osages would henceforth understand that the Choctaws, about to become their neighbors, would also become their allies in war." The scalp had been re-

NOTE.—A scalp is taken from the crown of the head, and stretched within a round hoop of wood. The hair remains on it, and the fleshy side is rubbed, so as to appear like buff leather, and it is usually reddened on the flesh side with vermillion.

quested as a curiosity to be carried home, and the Choctaws did not expect nor enjoy the attitude in which the turn of the affair placed them.

The Osages were found to be obedient to their chiefs, subservient to traders, and easily managed by the United States Agent. They exhibited more natural eloquence and other meritorious qualities than did other tribes of greater advantages. The Indian forms are such, it requires those not "corrupted" by contact with civilized people to appear in their councils with good effect. They are religious, likewise, in their way; believers in *the Great Spirit*, and worshipers of Him. At the opening of day the devotee retires a little from his camp or company, and utters a prayer, so loud sometimes as to be heard half a mile, and in a plaintive, piteous tone, with weeping. Their word for God is *Woh-kon-da*—Father of Life, and their prayer is epitomized as follows: "Woh-kon-da, pity me. I am very poor. Give me what I need; give me success against mine enemies, that I may avenge the death of my friends. May I be able to take scalps, and take horses."

Says Mr. McCoy: "I discovered that they frequently deposited their dead on or near the surface of the earth, and raised over the corpse a heap of stones. In this heap I saw, in a few places, a pole planted, to the top of which was suspended a scalp of an enemy. Their notion was, that by taking an enemy and suspending his scalp over the grave of a deceased friend, the spirit of the former became subjected as a slave to the spirit of the latter in the world of spirits. Hence the last and best service that can be performed for

a deceased relative is to take the life of an enemy and apply his scalp as above. This sentiment, it is believed, is among their strongest inducements to take human life."

The expedition resumed its march, and on the 28th of November encamped at the confluence of the Arkansas and Verdigris rivers, and did not leave this vicinity until the 2d of December. Here the Creek delegates found, in a large body of immigrants of their tribe, a pleasant greeting, and received from them a hearty invitation to come and settle in the country. They were paid here, also, and released from the expedition, with liberty to remain as long as they chose among their people, and then to return to their homes east of the Mississippi.

By this time winter had come, and the party had broken. All were anxious to terminate the exploration, and to go to their homes, and on the 7th of December it came to an end and separation took place, the Choctaws to go home by the way of some of their people on Red river; the Chickasaws to proceed directly to their place of residence east of the Mississippi, while the officers would return to St. Louis.

The Indians in the party did not enter upon the excursion with much spirit or desire for its success. The pleasure of a ramble through unfamiliar forests, and the chase of buffalo and elk over the plains, was not an antidote for the pain which the object of it gave them—their own removal from ancestral fields and fires. They were persuaded to go; money being an inducement. They were not expected to do exploring so much as to interpret, di-

rect, and inform the explorers, and their verdict could not be looked for by those favoring the project of colonization as having much weight in forming their conclusions.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions had stations among the Osages, dating back to 1820, two of which were passed by Mr. McCoy and party on their way to St. Louis. This Board had been opposed to colonization, and this circumstance, taken with the withdrawal of its missionaries from the field, discouraged, was calculated to dissuade others from attempting a similar work, and would have quenched the ardor of any other than an extraordinary man. Mr. McCoy did not regard the case as hopeless, but as more favorable for missionary operations than that of other tribes.

The returning explorers were troubled to find grazing for their horses, and almost daily some of them failed. "We were at this time," says Mr. McCoy, "living poorly, upon a scanty supply of dried buffalo meat, sour flour, and coffee without sugar." But they reached St. Louis on December 24, 1828, some seventeen days after the party dispersed, near the confluence of the Arkansas and Canadian rivers.

Mr. McCoy went on to Lexington, Ky., where his two elder sons were studying medicine in Transylvania University, and where his family, including that of his son-in-law, Mr. Lykins, had been spending a few months in recuperating, preparatory to their removal to the Indian Territory. He reached Lexington on January 1, 1829, after an absence of six months from his family. But his time of rest in this pleasant

city and salubrious blue-grass country, was limited to seventeen days. It was necessary for him to be at Washington at an early day to report on the expedition. In hurrying away, his report was incomplete, and, in ascending the Ohio, by steamboat, he occupied some time in labor upon it. He arrived in Washington after a ten days' journey, but the exertion of hasty traveling reduced him to a bed of sickness which he could not leave for several days.

The energy of the man was manifested in that he transcended his prerogatives in order that the Department of Indian Affairs might not fail of such definite and full statements as he deemed important. After reporting upon the disbursement of funds, according to his trust, he invaded Captain Kennerly's province, and gave a map of the country explored, and of that extending west to the Rocky mountains, and north beyond the probable limits of the new Indian Territory; also exhibited the claims of the several tribes and the lands not appropriated. He gave a brief history of the expedition, a description of the country and his views of colonizing the Indians therein, with related matters requiring the attention of Government.

His influence at Washington enabled him to secure prompt attention to his report in the House of Representatives, through the chairman of committee, Mr. McLean, who brought in an elaborate statement of the relation of the Government to the aborigines. Mr. McLean adduced the indorsement of President Jackson and that of the Secretary of War to the scheme of settling the tribes in the West, making a very strong document in support of the policy so ardently advo-

cated and cherished by Mr. McCoy. The latter's report was appended to that of the committee, and published, while the author procured one thousand extra copies, at his own expense, for use in awakening popular sentiment to the great interests involved.

The preceding administrations of James Monroe and John Quincy Adams had been favorable to colonization, and the then existing one of Andrew Jackson was actively so; he using his authority, in particular, to remove the Cherokees from the state of Georgia. The popular feeling ran high against removal, and it was strongest in the benevolent societies; notably in the American Board and the Baptist Triennial Convention. The Board of the latter declined to publish a revised edition of Mr. McCoy's pamphlet on Indian Reform, unless severed from an appendix which he was anxious to give to the public. He therefore published the work at his own expense. Dr. Spencer H. Cone superintended its publication in New York. It was a very strong document—stronger because of the appendix—and would have done credit to any mind in the denomination. At the anniversary of the Triennial Convention, which occurred that year, there was such a preponderance of sentiment and feeling in behalf of foreign missions that the home work was practically ignored; and it was thought that a special board for promoting Indian Missions might be formed. Still, the usual reference of the work to Government patronage was made, with liberty to draw a limited amount from the Board should a necessity arise; and, yet, no undesignated funds had been so

applied by the Board, for five years. Lo, the poor Indian!

Some of the strong men of the convention were in deep sympathy with Mr. McCoy, and Dr. Lucius Bolles and Heman Lincoln were appointed a committee to wait on the President, to acquaint him with Mr. McCoy's appointment to revisit the Indian country, to select situations for schools, and obtain general information that might be of service to Congress; also, to submit for the consideration of His Excellency the appointment of a superintendency within the territory, that would attend to locating the tribes as they should enter it.

Mr. McCoy went on to Boston early in April, and, returning, stopped at Philadelphia and attended the session of the Triennial Convention, and then proceeded to Washington with the committee to visit the President. Leaving Washington May 11, he joined his family on the 18th, having been separated from them four months; or ten and a half months from his going on the exploring tour, excepting only the seventeen days spent at Lexington.

XIII.

Vicissitudes—*SOME ADIEUS; GOING WEST; BROKEN HOPES; OTHER JAUNTS; SANDSTORMS.*

MR. LYKINS had returned to Lexington also, after a business tour to the missionary stations in Michigan, and was waiting, ready for the westward march. On the 1st of June the two families, of Mr. McCoy and Mr. Lykins, essentially made one by the marriage of the latter to Mr. McCoy's eldest daughter, set their faces toward the West, full of hope, like persons starting in life. After arriving at the west side of Indiana the two men left their families and made a detour to visit the missionary stations, Carey and Thomas, to aid in placing matters in a favorable condition. Messrs. Simerwell, Meeker, and Slater were to have full management thereafter.

A seven days' journey brought them to Carey. Indian acquaintances flocked to see them, and the mutual satisfaction in the visit was interrupted only by the reflection that a parting-time was at hand. The work had been lessened, yet there were thirty-seven youths under instruction and good management, and some others present occasionally. Surely the mission had proven to be a life-saving station in many senses.

Two white young men were baptized on this visit. A day was set apart for shaking hands with the returned missionaries, and getting and telling news, according to custom. Satan—the whisky man—came among them, seeking to prevent an influence favorable to removal, and making as many drunk as possible, deceiving them by mixing the whisky with cider.

After a short visit they went on to Thomas, on the way falling in with their old friend Gosa, who had come to meet them, and who wished to accompany them to the West. They found the station in a low condition; only two Indian children there, and the farm not cultivated.

They parted company at Thomas, temporarily, Mr. Lykins going to Detroit on missionary business and rejoining Mr. McCoy at Carey. At the latter place there occurred that communion of spirits, one in aim, which makes times and places memorable. The four male missionaries meeting there were soon to be separated and become "two and two"—the one half remaining in the field of first adoption, and the other going thence to a still wilder people, whose forest habitation had not yet resounded with Christian song. After reviewing the past, and gathering the lessons of experience, they concluded that, having been called of the Spirit in a way that *created the mission work of Baptists to the Indians*, rather than build upon a previously laid foundation they ought to follow their own counsels. They would not proceed at the expense of the Board, as they had not done for some years; they would seek its advice; but, life being brief, and personal responsibility great, they would push the cause

of evangelization according to the light and knowledge gained from contact with the subjects—the aborigines. The Board in the twelve years of their struggles had not yielded to their oft-repeated entreaties to send out some one to inspect the situation and the conduct of affairs. As they were left to their own knowledge, and to other benevolence than that of the Board, why not also be left to their own *missionary sense?* The master missionary was the man who possessed that sense and had the strength of purpose to display it.

Leaving Carey, Messrs. McCoy and Lykins returned to their families, taking Gosa, who had obtained their consent to go to the West with them. Summer rains had swollen the streams, so that they bade adieu to the land of their privations while passing through some further experience with water. They carried their baggage over one creek upon a fallen tree; another they waded, while, in the one case, the horses were made to swim, and in the other were driven before them, being relieved of the weight of the men on account of the miry bottom.

Having joined their families again, travel westward was resumed on the 27th of July, and ended August 8, at Fayette, Missouri; a place Mr. McCoy had selected while on the exploring expedition, and to which his eldest son had gone to procure a temporary residence. It was one hundred and seventy miles west from St. Louis.

After becoming comfortably settled, and having written some newspaper articles to influence the public

mind on Indian affairs, Mr. McCoy undertook another tour of exploration, and at his own expense. The object was to acquire a more definite knowledge of a portion of the Indian Territory, that he might have material to lay before Congress at its next session, relating to the permanent location of the Indians, and the site for a seat of territorial government. Gosa, his son, and a hired man were in company.

After six days they had reached the Kauzau villages and agency, and there increased the party by inducing the U. S. Agent, Gen. M. G. Clark, to accompany them; also White Plume, a chief, and his son-in-law Gunville, a Frenchman, making the entire company to consist of seven. The tour terminated October 13, the object having been accomplished.

It was then important that a journey be made to Michigan; the main object being the securing of a delegation of Putawatomies and Ottawas, to go to Washington, with a view to impressing the Government in favor of the removal of their tribes, to which some of them had consented. But this plan failed, owing, chiefly, to the severe sickness of Mr. McCoy's son, Josephus, to whom it was intrusted. He had gone on to Carey, with Gosa for an assistant, but was too ill to perfect the arrangement.

Meantime Mr. McCoy went to the capital to meet Heman Lincoln, appointed by the Board to memorialize Congress in favor of giving the Indians a permanent home in the West. The memorial was presented by Hon. Wilson Lumpkin. Mr. McCoy was

permitted to appear in behalf of this object before the Committee of the House of Reprentatives on Indian Affairs, and was brought under obligations to President Jackson and other officers for opportunities to plead for the cause to which his life was devoted.

Leaving Washington, he proceeded eastward to meet and confer with the Board, at its request, in reference to memorializing Congress in particular. Stopping in Philadelphia for ten days, he started forward, when the stage capsized, resulting in great injury to his shoulders, ribs, and chest. He felt that his recovery was quite doubtful, and, in fact, he never recovered his natural shape. He made a life-and-death struggle to reach New York, and succeeded, and was received with great cordiality and sympathy into the home of his faithful friend, Dr. S. H. Cone, but with little prospect that he would ever leave it alive. He remained with this hospitable family for thirty-seven days, and when he left it, was scarcely able to move and in much pain. It was more than two months before he was able to preach again.

While confined to his room in New York he prepared his resignation as missionary of the Board, with which he had only a nominal and advisory connection, yet a relation that was expected to bring popular favor to the work he had undertaken. Being hampered, as he thought, by this connection, it seemed to him that the laborers would succeed most if left to themselves, or if united to some society organized for the sole purpose of promoting Indian Missions.

He had given up his journey to Boston, on account of his injuries, but Dr. Cone and other friends in New

York felt the importance of a conference with the Board. He, therefore, held the resignation in abeyance (which involved that of the other missionaries), and went on to Boston; Dr. Cone and William Colgate accompanying him. "The subject was deliberated upon by the Board three days, and resulted in the continuation of the connection."

Early in April Mr. McCoy returned to Washington. Memorials in favor of colonization had reached Congress from Philadelphia, New York, Ohio, and Indiana. The advocates and opponents of the scheme were in hot debate; particularly respecting the removal of the Cherokees, of which more will be said hereafter. The President desired to place in his hands the annual appropriation of ten thousand dollars for Indian reform. This trust he declined, chiefly on account of the lack of a judicious location of the tribes. But he accepted the office of surveyor of territory assigned to the Delawares; a position that would give him influence and bring a temporary support for his family. His funds were so low that he was compelled to ask Gov. Cass for an advance on his salary, to enable him to return to his family. Leaving Washington June 5, he reached his home at Fayette June 24, after an absence of nearly seven months, during which his hardships and great responsibilities were almost unprecedented.

To add to the sacrifices he had already made for the Red Man, there came a loss at this time of a very afflictive nature. He had taken much pains to educate his children, beginning with the two eldest, who had been sent to a school in Ohio, and to Columbian

College, and last to Transylvania University, at Lexington, Ky. Feeling that such an opportunity was due a missionary's children, he spared nothing that it might be given to them. There was also a motive higher, if possible, than this. The cause to which he and his wife had consecrated themselves and their all required various gifts, and next to the ministry of the word of God came the ministration of remedies to the sick. Accordingly he had given to the two sons a medical training at Lexington, and one of them, Rice, had gone forward from that city to Fayette, Mo., to provide quarters for the family.

The second son, Josephus, was attacked with bilious fever on the third day of the family's westward march, and could not proceed. But subsequently all were together at their destination. He soon set off with the small exploring party, before mentioned, though but just able to ride horseback, having had a second attack of fever. Further sickness was experienced in Michigan and on the way thither, the weather during the trip having been severe and the exposure very great. He lay six days at Chicago, and after hiring a man to help him forward through the wilderness and crusted snow, attended with sickness, cold and fatigue, and the loss of one of his horses which perished from these causes, he reached his destination but was unable to attend to business.

About six months having passed, from the time he left home, Mr. Lykins undertook to convey him to Missouri in a carriage. In Illinois he was compelled to halt—unable to proceed—and his elder brother, Dr. Rice McCoy, was sent for. Taking a steamboat

down the Illinois and Mississippi to St. Louis, and ascending the Missouri by steamer, they were met at St. Charles by the father and afterward by the mother and a younger son. Mr. McCoy tells of "perils of waters" in the following language:

We were in a fragile old boat, which had been a common keel, worked by poles or oars, which was now propelled by steam. The whole voyage was attended with frequent alarms, and once we fastened on a snag in the middle of the river, the boat turned across the stream, and was rapidly capsizing, when, through the mercy of Him who controls the winds and the waters the snag broke, and allowed the boat to right again. This was the most anxious moment of my life, rendered more so on account of the presence of Mrs. McCoy and our sick son. Had the snag on which the boat hung remained unbroken two seconds longer, there would have been no apparent possibility of escape from a watery grave. Discovering, as soon as I entered the boat, that it was not seaworthy, I had entreated the captain to purchase a skiff or canoe, at my expense, on account of my sick son. This he promised, but without the design of fulfilling it, and we were now without a small boat to be used in an emergency. After loosing from the snag, the boat was hurried down by a rapid current amidst many snags, and it was with imminent hazard and great difficulty that a landing was effected; in doing it, some of the men had to leap into the water and swim ashore, carrying the end of a rope.

After six days of travel from St. Louis this afflicted family arrived, with the patient, at their abode in Fayette, and after six days more the suffering one was released from earth. About two years afterward his

brother, the other of the two young physicians, followed him to the grave, in death; thus bringing domestic bereavement of a serious character, and crushing disappointment on account of the hopes cherished in their education, and the great need of their services among the helpless people of the forest.

Upon the death of Josephus, Mr. McCoy spent a little time with his family—about seven weeks. This time was employed, considerably, in writing on Indian matters, for publication in Philadelphia and Washington papers. He then left home for a long and dangerous tour among the Delawares, to make the surveys for which he had been appointed by the Secretary of War.

Dr. Rice McCoy, who had entered upon the practice of medicine with good prospects, in Fayette, was induced to join his father in serving the Indian cause, and took an appointment as assistant surveyor. The third son, Calvin, scarcely grown, also was one of the company.

By authority of the Secretary of War, a military escort of fifteen armed men was obtained at Fort Leavenworth; the original band being also armed. The Pawnees, near whose villages they expected to pass, had been troublesome, and, besides equipping for emergencies, it was thought best to call their chiefs to a council, at the Fort. This was done, and, besides, the agent accompanied the outgoing company as far as to the Kauzaus, to secure in them a friendly mind toward the excursionists. The hostility existing between these two tribes rendered it dangerous to be found within the range of either. Mr. McCoy

returned to Fort Leavenworth at the appointed time, September 24, and took part in the council; informing the large collection of one hundred Pawnees that he was on a surveying expedition to the Delawares, but not stating that he and his company would pass near to their towns. In fact, care was taken to pass them when the savages were off on their autumnal buffalo hunt. A sentry at night was maintained, also.

The party encountered sandstorms of a terrible character, involving them in suffering and loss. These occurred after a drouth, followed by fire, which burned the prairie grass with a wide-sweeping conflagration. The light ashes covered the face of the ground, and, with the dust and sand beneath, were raised by the wind in such quantities as to obscure the face of the sky as a thick cloud, and suffocate and blind the traveler. The surveyor's trail was obliterated, and the compass was rendered useless by the darkness and dust. It was only by keeping near together that those caring for horses and baggage could avoid being lost to each other.

A second storm was more severe than the first. It arose in a fair, calm day, two or three hours before sunset. It was swift and suffocating. A person could not be discerned a few rods distant. It would not permit a tent to stand, nor cooking to be performed, nor was a place found that sand and ashes did not penetrate. "It was with us a dismal night," says Mr. McCoy, "and no better for our poor horses, of which we had nineteen, for we were in a place where scarcely a particle of grass could be obtained, the prairies on all sides having been burned off bare. The wind was

from the north, and by the following morning it was freezing cold. . . On account of the grass on the prairies being so generally burnt, it was difficult for us to get our horses back into the settlements, one of which was left to perish with hunger. After we turned to come in, we were twenty days in reaching the state of Missouri. . . We were absent in the wilderness one hundred and three days; *ninety-six nights in succession* were spent without being sheltered by the roof of a house." Two of the company, who had been sent out to hunt, got lost, and though the prairie-grass was fired, several days in succession, in hope that they would discover the smoke and come in, they did not find their way back. "After wandering some time, separately, they at different times reached Fort Leavenworth."

At the close of the year (1830) Mr. McCoy made another journey to Washington, occupying three months. Six hundred or seven hundred miles were traveled on horseback. "The cold and fatigue," he says, "were more than a slender constitution could bear, and I was some days confined by indisposition, and under medical treatment. On this, as on former occasions, I was much favored by men in authority, in being allowed to plead with them in behalf of the Indians, and to employ my pen as well as my tongue. At this session. also, thousands petitioned Congress in favor, as they supposed, of the Indians." Returning to his family he witnessed the death of his infant child. He was also confronted with debts beyond his means.

XIV.

Western Features. — *PRIMITIVE TRAVELING; HIGH WATERS; MEETING TRIBES AND MISSIONS.*

A FEW weeks later, new projects were justified by an annual allowance from the Board to Mr. Lykins, and a commission from the Government to Mr. McCoy. It was then planned that the former should locate in the northern part of the Indian Territory and the latter in the southern. Mr. Lykins, being instructed to give attention to the settlement of affairs at Carey mission and its removal to the West, was in Michigan some six months. Returning one day after Mr. McCoy had left for his work, he hastened after and overtook him on the morning of the second. A conference was held, requiring a day and a night together, and then they separated for the fields which they had assigned to themselves.

Mr. McCoy had before him a jaunt of three hundred miles from home, southward, through a wilderness. It was commenced on the 6th of June, 1831. Mrs. McCoy and their little children were in company. Heavy rains soon began to fall, rendering the traveling and encamping very unpleasant and dangerous to health. Encountering high water soon became a daily and nightly occurrence. The seventh day's travel

brought the company to Grand river, which was found to be not fordable; and the only hope of proceeding was in the construction of a canoe, which cost much labor and delay. It was made of a large tree, and was clumsy and unsafe. In using it, there were some narrow escapes from drowning in the rapid current. The horses and cattle, some of which were held to the side of the canoe, were made to swim through. Twenty-four hours were occupied in crossing.

Arriving at the bank of the Osage river, they procured a small canoe, and by lashing logs to it they formed a raft on which, by ferrying several times, persons, wagons and luggage were safely conveyed over. The stock were swam across. On the next day torrents of rain fell and they were compelled to encamp in an open prairie, where there was an overflow of water, grass eighteen inches high, and scarcity of wood for a fire and timber for poles on which to stretch the tents.

The Little Osage river was encountered on the following day. There they constructed a raft and crossed as before. The next day they ferried the Marmaton river in the same way; in each case taking the carriages to pieces, as only a small weight could be conveyed at a time. The Neosho river was more difficult, on account of its depth. And going through the village of the Osages on the opposite bank was more difficult still. The natives, men, women, and children, thronged to them, getting in the way and begging. It was necessary to employ one of them to accompany the travelers to guard and prevent stealing, for the remainder of the day. Mr. McCoy moderated the clamor by distributing some tobacco which

he had taken along for such an occasion. Individuals, not willing to give up the extraordinary chance to get something, ran great distances to overtake the company, and were quieted only by a little tobacco and the persuasion of the assisting Indian. They encamped amid a heavy rain, on open prairie.

The next recorded experience with water, a few days later, was that of being obstructed by a creek and visited by a heavy thunderstorm which lasted through a day and night. The rain beat into their tents, and though they ditched around them the water flowed in. "This was the most distressing time on account of rain," says Mr. M., "that we had ever experienced in our journeyings in the wilderness." Dr. Rice McCoy and one of the hands swam the stream, their saddles being taken over on a raft of logs, and then proceeded down the river twelve miles, to a trading house, to get a canoe. Being disappointed, the company, after being detained in their unpleasant position for two days and more, were compelled to turn off into the pathless wilderness, and ascend the creek to a point so near to its source that it might be forded. The bank was so steep, however, that the carriages had to be unloaded and let down with ropes. The men were several hours in the water before all had crossed.

On the subsequent day they were stopped by high water again, and had no alternative but to wait until it had fallen. Making a raft of logs sufficient to bear two saddles, the doctor and a hired man crossed over and went forward to Fort Gibson, forty miles, to put things in readiness for future operations. The

main body remained for two days, then drove through the creek when the water was so deep that it ran into the carriages; the men wading and guiding them, to prevent them from capsizing. Twice afterward they were obliged to leave the road, to head creeks that were too deep to be forded.

They had touched a mission of the American Board —Harmony, on Osage river—and now they called at another, the Union mission, same Board, where they hired a house and thus obtained accommodations for the family, after their unpleasant journey of twenty-three days.

Mr. McCoy was soon in readiness for a direct performance of the duty for which he had been sent out. With his family in circumstances of comparative comfort, he left them, and on the 6th of July, after a ride of fifty or sixty miles, met the agent of the Cherokees and twenty-five of their chiefs and principal men. In conference with them "an adjustment was made of an unsettled boundary, and an understanding had that they would send some of their people to attend the surveying of the lines of their country."

On the 8th of July he held a council with about fifty Creeks, and their agent, Gen. John Campbell. And on the 9th, with two assistants, he again undertook a tour in the wilderness; but one of them, his son, Dr. McCoy, was obliged by illness to return home. With a colored man, and a half-breed Osage for interpreter, he proceeded on a tour of exploration, "with a view to ascertaining the suitableness of the country for the location of the Chickasaws and for other purposes relating to Indian settlement." The

horseflies were not only troublesome, but dangerous and sometimes fatal to horses, especially on the prairies; and it was necessary to lie by during the day and travel at night, or to shield the horses completely with vines and small boughs of shrubbery.

Still another rainstorm occurred, commencing July 21, which will entertain the reader more than it pleased those who passed through it. Turning down a valley to find timber in which they might encamp, they reached a cluster of plum bushes, through which passed a small channel containing a little stagnant water. Here they pitched tent and kindled a fire, amidst a heavy fall of rain "Refreshed by a warm supper," says Mr. McCoy, "and somewhat sheltered by our tent, we esteemed our condition comparatively comfortable. Though the rain descended like a torrent, we rested well until about one o'clock in the morning, when I discovered that the water was coming under us. I removed to another side of the tent, but before I could adjust my blankets I discovered that the little stream, on the bank of which we lay, was rapidly overflowing our sleeping-place. I caught up my gun, saddlebags, and other articles of most value, as much as I could carry, and left the place for higher land, directing the other two to follow as fast as possible with what they could carry. It was excessively dark, and the quick, flashing lightning was our only lantern. We waded through water half-leg deep on to the prairie, where we placed in a heap the articles we had brought. I remained, to endeavor to save them as much as possible from wet, and hurried the men back for other articles, but the water rose so fast that several were lost. Our horses happened to be near, and by the time we could loose the hobbles from their legs and mount them, not even waiting to girth our saddles, the water was again rising around us.

"The land for some distance was nearly level. Between a fourth and half a mile we found a slight elevation in the open prairie, where we again stacked our baggage, and I seated myself upon it and required the men to place blankets around me, by which the few articles that were still dry might be preserved from the water, and by which my chilliness might be mitigated. Stephen and the black man wrapped themselves in their blankets, and got on the baggage to keep out of the water, but by this time we were all thoroughly drenched. The rain continued to pour down in torrents, and the thunder pealed with fearful rapidity.

"When the day appeared, Stephen and the black man were so benumbed with the wet and cold that it required considerable effort on my part to arouse them to action. Timber was to be seen at a distance, but being invariably on low ground we were unable to reach it, and the creeks and hollows were now filled with water too deep to be crossed with our horses. On account of the rain from above and the deep waters we rode through, I frequently alighted to empty the water out of my boots.

"We rode five hours before we could reach timber, where we could make a fire to dry ourselves, and, to our grief, when we reached the wood, it was bottomland, a foot and a half or more under water; we therefore had to wade in the water for wood, and having lost our axe the previous night it was not an easy matter to find within our reach dead limbs of trees that we could break with our hands for fuel. We collected some, and retired to an elevation in the prairie and kindled a fire."

After this encounter with the elements the company, by much exertion, reached the house of a missionary of the American Board, Mr. Dodge, who cordially received them and allowed them to dry their bag-

gage and assort what provisions had been saved. A Sabbath was spent at this mission, and Mr. McCoy had the privilege of preaching there twice to the Osages; the discourses and prayer being interpreted by Stephen Van Rensselaer, the half-breed Osage who was accompanying Mr. McCoy. A similar privilege had been enjoyed at Union mission. Such opportunities were very refreshing to the speaker, jaded by hardship and sickness. And for the opening of a door to the gentiles of the West, that they might be spared from destruction here and hereafter, all the "hardness" had been endured. Exploring and surveying boundaries were not his mission, yet were expected to prepare the way for it.

At the Mission station they replenished their stock of provisions and repaired damages. At the Osage agency they received from Fort Gibson an escort of twenty-five soldiers, with commander and physician, sent by their request.

Proceeding from camp, after a march of a day or two, and having a sick soldier to nurse, they were overtaken at a halting by a war party of one or two hundred Osages, who rushed forward, supposing them to be Pawnees—enemies. But discovering the mistake, the warriors were overjoyed, and shook hands instead of taking scalps. They crowded about the white strangers, asking questions, also purloining in spite of the precautions taken. Though friendly, they, in common with their race, had no scruples as to the rights of property. Mr. McCoy entered a complaint to the principal chief, and some of the articles stolen were restored.

On the 12th of August, near midnight, Mr. McCoy

again entered his home. It was both home and not home; a shanty in an uncivilized region that could not be the final and satisfactory residence of anyone who had seen a better, yet a place where the affections clustered. The noblest of wives was there ready to stay or to go; to endure privation here or there, as the claims of the Indian might indicate, and to rear children or bury them, as Providence should determine. Her early consecration vow should not be broken. Children were there; and children were not, for they had been taken. Of six that had died since these parents had consecrated themselves to the neglected Red Men, four had been buried during the father's absence. And as he came on the above date, he was met with intelligence that his little Charles, one of the four, had died a few weeks previously, aged four years. He was absent from home at the time of his birth and at the time of his death.

Mr. Lykins, whom the narrative left on the 7th of June preceding, as he parted from Mr. McCoy, and turned northward, was settled among the Shawanoes. For want of immediate connection with the Missionary Board, and an appropriation to enable him to erect buildings, he was compelled to obtain quarters at his own expense. Accordingly he purchased a small tract of United States land, immediately adjoining the Shawanoe settlements, and on the Missouri line. The smallpox broke out among both Shawanoes and Delawares, and he was enabled to do great good, as so many missionaries have done, by the simple art of vaccination, in the primitive way. Though not a medical graduate, his reading and the practice made necessary in his re-

mote, wilderness home, gave him a reputation as a physician.

Another surveying tour was begun early in September. A Cherokee, named Little John, was commissioned by his nation to accompany the party, to witness the running of the boundary lines of his people. Sickness and storms intervened at once, causing delay, the return of one of the hands, and the death of Little John. The burial of this Cherokee commissioner was simple, yet pathetic. Says Mr. McCoy: "With some inconvenience we were able to excavate the earth, and instead of a coffin we split timber and placed it around and over the corpse, after which we heaped stones upon the grave. A good deal of sympathy was manifested by our men on this occasion, and each seemed to desire the privilege of contributing something towards dressing the dead."

Being a man of broad sympathies, as well as a staunch Baptist, Mr. McCoy was quite glad to encourage anyone who was in the service of the race he had undertaken to elevate. Meeting missionaries of the American Board, he sought to help them; interceding with officers of the government in their behalf, as occasion required. But many of those with whom he became acquainted seemed to lack in perseverance, intrepidity, and tact, such as characterized him, and did not continue long in the field.

In the Arkansas country he met a preacher from the east of the Mississippi, John Davis by name, a full-blooded Creek (Muskogee), who had been taken into the service of the Baptist Board. He found him laboring zealously and lovingly with a few colored slaves of

the Creeks, Baptists, and being under many discouragements, he "felt himself particularly favored in being allowed to afford him some assistance." He secured from the Board a generous increase of his salary, and not long afterward a Baptist Church was organized among the Creeks.

"On the 21st of October," he writes, "I again started on an exploring tour, escorted by Lieut. Dawson and eight soldiers, and taking for my assistance a white man and two Indians. Met a woman, the next day, who had barely escaped massacre, and had traveled six days through a pathless wilderness barefooted, and subsisted, she and her child, on grapes and berries; the rest of her family having fallen under the tomahawk of the Pawnees."

Three days later, at evening, when encamping on the bank of the Arkansas, the report of a gun on the opposite shore was heard. It was answered by a similar discharge, when three Osage men and one woman waded the river and passed the night with the explorers. "We loaned to each a small article," says Mr. McCoy, "to assist in keeping them from the wet earth, with which, and with a piece of a poor blanket wrapped around the naked body of each, these poor creatures slept soundly around our fire, notwithstanding rain and sometimes snow was moderately falling on them through the night; and the time was so cold that I could scarcely keep warm in my tent, under two blankets and a cloak."

Dr. Rice McCoy continued to be ill. He had gone into Missouri on business for his father, and had become so sick as to be unable to return. Mr. McCoy,

hoping to be able to bring him home, started for him. It was the middle of November; the way was mostly through open prairie, and the season exceedingly cold. Fearing that he should perish, the young man who was attending him and who was much hardier than he, wrapped about him four blankets, over his cloak and ordinary preparations for riding, making movement so difficult that without help he could neither mount nor dismount his horse. But as he had learned how to suffer, he survived the weather. Returning, he conveyed his son as far as to Mr. Lykins', on the state line, and it was seen that he could not be taken farther. Leaving him there and taking one of his two daughters who had just arrived from school, at Lexington, Ky., with a reinforcement of men, for surveying parties and other purposes, he started back to Arkansas.

On the prairies the snow fell so fast as to blind and confuse the travelers, and cause them to lose their way and much time in finding their bearings. At the Osage river, one of the men was compelled to go into the water to help one of the carriages, and was saved from freezing only by being divested of his wet clothing and wrapped in blankets. Reaching home, on the Arkansas, a consultation was had, arising from the alarming condition of Dr. McCoy, and plans were changed; Mrs. McCoy and children were to go to Mr. Lykins' and remain with the invalid, while his father should make another important visit to Washington.

Mr. McCoy, accordingly, set off for the Shawanoe station, in charge of his family, and with some assistants; seventeen persons in all. It was midwinter, and necessary to encamp on the snow, for a part of the way, a

distance of three hundred miles. The journey required a constant struggle, but it was accomplished in ten days. It was followed by a general sickness in the Lykins home; six of the comers being prostrate at one time, while Mr. and Mrs. Lykins were also afflicted.

XV.

Widening Influence—*WITH THE ADMINISTRATION; IN THE CONVENTION; AMONG THE CREEKS; THE MUSCOGEE CHURCH.*

BY the first of February Mr. McCoy was able to ride on horseback, and taking the saddle he started for Washington; the sick being convalescent, except Dr. McCoy, who was evidently declining. He reached the capital after a month of travel, over a distance from Arkansas of more than two thousand miles. He took with him to Washington and published, an "Address to Philanthropists in the United States generally, and to Christians in particular, on the condition and prospects of the American Indians." This strong document of eight large printed pages, aside from its pathetic features (not made prominent), shows a breadth of intelligence and purity of motive highly creditable to anyone, and such statesmanlike views as gained for him the candid attention of legislators and authorities. He concludes with these impressive words:

"On taking my leave for the present, permit me, with reverence for the commands of Him whom we profess to serve, to remind you of the probability of our again being in conference. I allude to the time when the people who are the subjects of this appeal will be

present, not to solicit your assistance, but to meet their destiny. How shall we then bear the reproaches of that neglected people, or hope for pardon from our God, if now we refuse to do them good?—if *now* we should allow political partialities and sectional prejudices to stop our ears, and should refuse to listen to the importunities of suffering humanity? Rather, let us strengthen the feeble, bind up the broken-hearted, and wipe away the tear of woe. Conscience will approve the deed, and Heaven will confer a full reward."

A large edition of the address was printed and distributed gratuitously among members of Congress and heads of Departments at Washington, and to persons throughout the United States. His report to the Secretary of War, Hon. Lewis Cass, who had succeeded to the office, was called for and ordered to be printed, he tells us, and seven hundred extra copies ordered and used by himself. It stated the amount of work done, gave a description of the country, and a statement of the condition and prospects of the tribes, with recommendations; it was in keeping with the lofty ideal of Indian civilization which he had entertained throughout the fifteen years of experience, just before.

In the country west of the state of Missouri and territory of Arkansas, a section of about six hundred miles in length from north to south, and two hundred miles in width, there were fourteen tribes, or parts of tribes, while others were emigrating or preparing to do so. It was hoped that there they would be united in a civil community, and become an integral part of the

United States; that lands would be assigned to them in severalty, or, at least, by tribes. The Choctaw and Seneca tribes did receive assignments of land, to hold the same by patent. And thus, with the conditions of civilized life established, there would have been an open door to the Christian missionary, and whether diminishing in numbers or increasing, the Golden Rule would have been practiced and many of them saved.

While he was yet in Washington, March, 1832, a conference was had of the authorities with a delegation of Creeks residing east of the Mississippi. The people represented seemed desirous to join their kindred west of that river and to have some provision made for their education. He addressed President Jackson in their behalf, also the Secretary of War, Lewis Cass, and was much gratified to find a stipulation in the treaty at that time concluded, providing for the expenditure of three thousand dollars per annum for twenty years, under direction of the President, "for teaching their children."

A great exigency in Indian affairs came to his attention at about the same time, in which he proved his worth to humanity. White men, aggravated by atrocities committed along the Santa Fe route by the Pawnees, Camanches, and other tribes, had determined on revenge of a criminal character. Some of those composing one of the great trading caravans that crossed the woodless prairie from Missouri to Mexico, a thousand miles and more in extent, losing property, horses, mules, and human lives, conceived the nefarious design of ridding the country of the depredating, murderous,

savages. They carried from the white settlements the virus of smallpox, with the design to communicate it to them by means of a present of tobacco or infected clothing. Falling in with them and admitting them to camp, the contagion was communicated, and not long afterward the Pawnees on the Great Platte were most dreadfully afflicted with that disease. Evidence of this baseness was obtained from one of the company, a young man in its employ, of undoubted veracity, who heard a declaration of the intention.

An official statement was given by Major John Dougherty, Indian Agent, Fort Leavenworth, in the following terms: "Sir: I have the honor to inform you that I have returned from a visit to the four Pawnee villages, all of whom I found in a most deplorable condition; indeed, their misery defies all description. I am fully persuaded that one half of the whole number will be carried off by this frightful distemper. They told me that not one under thirty years of age escaped, it having been that length of time since it visited them before.

"They were dying so fast, and taken down at once in such large numbers, that they had ceased to bury their dead, whose bodies were to be seen in every direction—lying in the river, lodged on the sandbars, in the weeds around the villages, and in their old corn cashes (excavations in the earth in which corn had been housed). Others again were dragged off by the hungry dogs into the prairie, where they were torn to pieces by the more hungry wolves and buzzards."

Mr. McCoy, still at the capital, on learning of this dastardly outrage, immediately addressed the Secretary

of War upon the importance of providing for a general vaccination of the Indian tribes, following the letter with another a few days later. The secretary recommended the subject to Congress, and a law was passed and an appropriation made, not only to meet the existing emergency, but likewise for any subsequent and similar occasion.

In April, 1832, the Board, in Boston, made an appropriation to enable Mr. Lykins to erect buildings at his mission station, among the Shawanoes. Rev. Alexander Evans, of Carlisle, Indiana, and Daniel French, of Piqua, Ohio, were appointed missionaries to the same people, to labor at the same station. It was situated seven miles south of the Missouri river, and three miles west of the state of Missouri, was established in July, 1831, and reinforced, as above, in August, 1832. On the accession of these laborers a church was collected, composed of materials of the one at Carey, Michigan, and the new missionaries. Preaching was introduced among the neighboring Delawares, and souls were converted. A school was commenced, the children living at home but taking their dinners at the mission-house. A little later Mr. and Mrs. Jotham Meeker, of Carey, and Miss Brown, of Sault de Ste. Marie, entered this mission; Mr. Meeker engaging in printing elementary books in various Indian dialects.

Before returning to the West Mr. McCoy was permitted to attend another meeting of the Triennial Convention, held at New York, April 24 to May 4, and to meet with its Board of Managers. And added to the gladness he felt on being notified, just previously, that

the reenforcement had been made to the Shawanoe mission, was the joy experienced in noting the appointment of others to labor among other tribes. But there was a different experience to be borne—opposition in the Convention to acting on Indian Missions. The report of the Board failed to mention those within the Indian Territory, and the committee on the general subject could not get favorable action, after a warm debate. Political feeling in the country ran high and touched every subject, this one not excepted, and the excitement was prevalent in the Convention also. A presidential election was pending and there was a disposition to dismiss this matter entirely, yet such men as Spencer H. Cone, President of the Convention, John L. Dagg, Elon Galusha, Luther Rice, David Jones and Stephen Chapin stood manfully for the doing of something special for the long-suffering and fast-decaying race.

After a sojourn in the East of nearly three months—four months from home—Mr. McCoy turned homeward, "animated with the prospect of speedily terminating a most painful separation from his family." Having left his son, Dr. Rice McCoy, very ill, he had an abiding fear, all the time of his absence, that he should see his face no more. On reaching Cincinnati he received a letter from his wife that confirmed his fear; and from that cause in part, no doubt, his constitution seemed to give way, and his health was not restored for some months. At St. Louis the expected sad news came in another letter from the afflicted wife and mother. The hopes of earth had been broken again. And the case is so affecting, affording also an-

other glimpse of what it cost him to be a missionary, that his tearful experience is given here in his own words:—

I reached Mr. Lykins', the place of my afflicted family, June 8. This was a meeting never to be forgotten. For some time scarcely a word was spoken, while every face was suffused with tears, and every bosom heaved with sighs. This was the seventh child of which we had been bereaved, all of whom died after we had become missionaries; the decease of five of whom my wife had attended in my absence. This circumstance added poignancy to the pain of bereavement. My pain was greatly augmented in this last case, by the great anxiety which our son had expressed to see me before he died. Moreover, I was not quite satisfied that I had done right in leaving my wife to bear alone this additional affliction. True, I had not left home on any of those afflictive occasions without her approbation; and we had concluded that when the interests of our missions demanded my separation from my family, it would be most safe to go and leave the result with God, trusting that that which seemed mysterious in Providence now would be joyously revealed in a better world.

We felt these afflictions the more keenly, too, because we had long been separated very much from society, and we often felt that our circumstances, in regard to the friendship of others, too nearly resembled those of the people to whose relief we had consecrated our lives, and whose *sympathizing friends were few.* But God had ever been with us in our deepest afflictions. He was present when our late son died. As he took his leave of his sisters and brothers, and mother, the latter exclaimed, "O, that his father were present!" He calmly replied, for her consolation, "My Heavenly Father will take care of me."

In returning from Washington, Mr. McCoy brought

additional instructions in reference to examining the country and adjusting boundaries. His family being without a settled place of residence, it seemed important that before leaving again he should purchase a small tract and build a house upon it, and make it a home. Selecting a piece near the line of the state of Missouri, and adjoining the Shawanoes, he pitched there a tent, in the wilderness, into which the family moved and dwelt until a log house could be erected. By employing a number of laborers the work of building was completed in four weeks, when the family was once more under a roof and comparatively comfortable. The change of circumstances—tent life, building, missionary activity—"furnished a variety in scenery, in thought and in act, promotive of both health and spirits." The location was opposite to what afterwards was known as Westport; now Kansas City, Mo.

His duties did not admit of much home-life, and having made a tour of a few days for the benefit of the Ottawas, he left for the Arkansas, three hundred miles distant. Was refreshed on the way by attending religious services among the Osages, conducted by Presbyterian missionaries, and participating in the exercises. Acting for the Board, he visited Rev. David Lewis, designated to the Choctaws but found among the Creeks and near Mr. John Davis; and for the latter people it was decided that he should labor permanently. The necessary permission was obtained from the U. S. agent, a site selected for his location and a workman engaged to erect buildings for his residence and school. In the want of money, Mr. McCoy advanced to him what he could spare, and afterwards remitted to him, at times.

On the 9th of September, Mr. McCoy, with others, experienced the peculiar joy of organizing a Baptist Church—the first one formed in the Indian Territory, if that among the Shawanoes, already mentioned, be considered a regathering of the one at Carey. It consisted of Mr. Lewis and wife, Mr. Davis, and three black men who were slaves to the Creeks. The same day, afternoon, this happy company worshiped in another place in the neighborhood. "On both occasions the exercises were interesting, and few, if any, appeared to leave the place of worship without feeling that it was good to have been there." Hope long cherished had its fruition.

The first act of this, the "Muscogee Baptist Church," was to "order a written license, as a preacher, to be given to Mr. Davis, the Creek missionary." He was interpreter for others in preaching, and himself preached and exhorted in his mother tongue. One week after the organization was effected two Indian men were baptized, and the Lord's Supper was administered; a rare, precious and profitable occasion.

Returning to his home after a month of touring, south, Mr. McCoy found matters under Mr. Lykins in a prosperous state. Public religious exercises were held in the mission building, for the Shawanoes, and a small school of Indian children was being conducted by Mr. Evans. Rev. Charles E. Wilson had located among the Delawares, north.

After eleven days with his family Mr. McCoy was off again for Arkansas, to meet the three commissioners provided for in connection with his appointment, and to report to them. Under excessive fatigue,

the injury which a lower limb had received by the fall of his horse, four years before, was much aggravated and very troublesome.

"On the 14th of October, thirty-seven persons were baptized at a meeting of the Muscogee church, eight or ten of whom were Creeks, and the rest, except one, colored persons and slaves. On the 10th of November nine were baptized, three of whom were Indians. On the same day a Sunday-school was commenced under auspicious circumstances. At this period missionary matters at this station were truly prosperous." Not long afterward, Mr. Davis, with becoming modesty and after some hesitation, submitted to ordination. "A meetinghouse, a schoolhouse and other buildings for the use of the mission were erected in 1833, and the station was called Ebenezer. The site was in a dense Indian population, three miles north of the Arkansas river, and fifteen west of Cantonment Gibson."

Mr. McCoy's return trip was another of those perilous encounters with prairie wind, snow, freezing rain and piercing cold that fill a private history with material for the entertainment of posterity. To face about was to meet a fatal blast; to go forward might be to go astray, since it could scarcely be decided which way to proceed, in the blinding storm. But his pushing disposition bore him onward till he reached a grove, where he encamped for the day and night. By the partial shelter of a fallen tree and the use of a little hay and wood which he had thoughtfully brought in his wagon for such an emergency, everything combustible being covered with ice, he succeeded in tent-

ing and making a fire. Besides his colored man, he had taken the precaution to employ a young white man to accompany him. The former was so benumbed with cold that he fancied himself nearly dead, and only with difficulty could he be made to stir. Reached home November 23, 1832.

XVI.

Other Activities — *NEW MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES; COLD CAMPING; EAST AGAIN; WOLF RIVER; BOOKS.*

ON reporting to the commissioners, Mr. McCoy's services under Government terminated. In pecuniary matters he was barely even with the world. Though constantly employed in missionary affairs, he had no income to meet the expenses of his family, yet could not indulge a thought of entering upon any service not connected with the welfare of the Indians. He became increasingly anxious, as time passed. He says: "Having applied all my extra earnings from the Government, which had been considerable, to the support of a cause ostensibly under the patronage of the Board of Missions, and as I was employing all my time in support of the same cause still, I might have preferred a just claim upon the Board for support; but this I declined. . . Our embarrassed circumstances occasioned more toil than we were well able to bear." Repeated and protracted spells of sickness added greatly to the difficulties.

There was increased activity in missionary operations at the time, and his mind was much engaged in observing it; while the signs of good served

to alleviate the pain of heart caused by his trials. The Delawares, near to him, were visited by Mr. Lykins and Mr. French, with a view to establishing preaching and a school. They met there a young man, Mr. I. D. Blanchard, who had gone among them and was studying their language with a view of being useful to them. He was baptized shortly afterward, and became a teacher under the Board.

A Choctaw, of Kentucky, baptized, educated, and ordained, was anxious to return to his people, and receiving encouragement from Mr. McCoy he came on, calling at the house of the latter on the way to his nation on the Arkansas and Red rivers. Mr. McCoy entertained him two months; obtained for him the patronage of the Board, and advanced him money as he went to his field.

Rev. Moses Merrill, Mrs. Merrill, and Miss Cynthia Brown, from the state of Maine, had been sent to the Chippewas (Ojibwas), on Lake Superior, but early in 1833 the Board decided that it would be better that they should go on to the Indian Territory. They arrived at the Shawanoe mission-house in July, and remained there until the last of October, when, with proper equipment, they proceeded to the Otoes. The distance to their station was about two hundred miles, northwest, and twenty-four days were required for the journey. "The nights were spent in the open air without the roof of a house, and the journey was attended with the usual hardships and privations of such tours in the wilderness." The tribe, which was small, was settled south of the Great Platte, and west of the Missouri, at the forks of the two.

This movement was gratifying to Mr. McCoy, whose sentiments for many years had been that it was a waste of life, labor, and money to sustain efforts for unsettled Indians, with whites on all sides crowding and preying upon them. It was an enterprise, giving judgment in favor of his cherished conviction. Provision had been made by Government for furnishing them with facilities for education and agriculture. Locating at Bellevue, seat of the Upper Missouri Agency, they were at once provided with a dwelling and schoolhouse, and teaching, preaching, and Sabbath-school began immediately, for the good, especially, of the white population.

Rev. Dr. Solomon Peck, secretary, records, "that after residing in Bellevue about a year, Mr. Merrill began to hold religious worship occasionally in the Otoe language. He had prepared several hymns and prayers, and had them printed at Shawanoe. The natives were very much interested in these hymns, and evidently understood them. The traders of three different towns, one hundred miles apart, informed Mr. Merrill that the Otoes seldom passed a night with them without singing the hymns they had learned at the mission-house. The first chief would sometimes call the children around him and teach them to sing."

Mr. Merrill shortly began to have such experience as the forerunner, Mr. McCoy, had passed through; only it was less serious. Besides giving religious instruction to those Otoes who came to the station to get the benefit of the smithery established there, he went out to their village, thirty miles away, to perform similar service. On arriving, he was directed to the lodge of

the first chief, whose five wives took in charge his horse and baggage, while he was seated on the ground at the chief's side and served, ere long, with a bowl of pounded maize and beans, wrought into a kind of bread. After a time he was invited to a meal of buffalo meat at the lodge of the second chief. (Mr. and Mrs. Merrill and Miss Brown did good service to the Otoes, of both a literary and religious character; continuing for some six years, and until their physician declared a removal necessary. In honor of the leader of this trio, Rev. Moses Merrill, a Baptist church was erected at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, bearing his name.)

In midsummer, 1833, Mr. McCoy received instructions from the government to make further surveys for Indian tribes within their territory. This service required other jaunts in the wilderness, occupying much time but yielding him some means of support. He was enabled to use some time in camp in writing for the promotion of missionary matters. The first tour occupied three weeks. The second, more than one month. In these he felt the loss of Christian society, yet, resting on the Sabbath, some religious exercises were had in camp, relieving the tedium of the day.

The company usually went well armed, and the more so on the excursion just mentioned, which extended so far west as to expose them to marauding bands of hostile Indians. It was their practice to post sentinels at night, and to sleep with their clothes on, and with their arms at their sides. When staying two successive nights in one place, as the Sabbath made it necessary to do, opportunity was given to savages and wild beasts to find them. On the sec-

ond night of one of these encampments some wolves made their acquaintance. The journal runs: "A young man, on awaking, noticed one standing near us, and shot him, so that he fell dead within fifteen feet of our fire. In the morning we discovered that they had had possession of one of the men's hats, and, whether for food or from fancy we could not ascertain, they had made some important alterations in its fashion, which the owner was unwilling to admit were improvements. Some unwelcome depredations had also been committed upon ropes and other materials used in tying meat and other articles on the packhorses, and which had thereby become oiled."

In December a third surveying expedition was undertaken, along the Missouri river. The weather and other circumstances were not propitious. "In order to subsist our horses," writes Mr. McCoy, "we sought for bottom lands of rushes, which, remaining green all winter, afforded a nutritious, though sometimes an unhealthy, food. When rushes could not be found, we sometimes cut down the cottonwood, upon the bark of which the horses would feed, and which was moderately nutritious."

The party soon encountered a storm of snow and wind, obscuring the trail of the surveyors so that those in charge of the packhorses could not follow. The weather became so cold that one in departing from the fire endangered his life. Remaining in camp two days, and on the following morning finding the mercury twenty-five degrees below zero, they set out for home—a choice of dangers on which they agreed, having become tired of camp-life in such weather.

The nights upon the frozen earth were exceedingly uncomfortable, with their means of protection, especially to Mr. McCoy, whose slender constitution had been much impaired by the hardships and exposure of years. "On this occasion," says he, "I could not keep myself sufficiently warm to allow of sleep, but by wrapping myself in my blankets, and then having them secured in that position by tying all up with a cord."

On reaching home, early in January, he received a letter from Rev. Lucius Bolles, D.D., secretary, stating that the Board, in Boston, wished him to spend some part of the winter in Washington, "supposing that the interests of the Indians, and views of the Board as to their civilization, might be promoted by his counsels and exertions." He seems to have been the "main dependence" of both the Board and the Government, as to Indian affairs, and going to the capital each winter might as well have been down in his calendar. The many bearings of his services there upon the civil and moral relations of the nation to its wards, so-called, will be known only to those who study history carefully and thoughtfully.

Leaving home February 11, 1834, he was one month in making the journey. On arriving in Washington he was so debilitated that for some time he could scarcely stir abroad. He found that the Secretary of War, Lewis Cass, had submitted to Congress a plan for organizing the Indian Territory; a consummation that he had once declared impracticable, but which had been the favorite idea of the missionary from the time he had fully entered upon his work. The great

secretary and statesman had come to believe, after immediate contact with the tribes, and in performance of duty as governor of territory which embraced them, that colonization was "the only feasible plan of saving the Indian race from extinction," and so stated in his annual report.

While East, Mr. McCoy visited his tried and trusted friend in New York, Dr. Cone. Also, Dr. Dagg, in Philadelphia, through whose intervention he secured Rev. Joseph Smedley and wife as missionaries to the Choctaws; gratifying his anxiety that the place of Mr. Wilson, resigned, should be filled. Another man, called upon, was advised not to embark in the missionary enterprise; Mr. McCoy having become weary of seeing departures from the field, by reason of inability of body or mind to "endure hardness."

He returned to his family on the 10th of May. Progress had been made in several directions, and there was much to interest and encourage him. Rev. Jotham Meeker and wife had come from Lake Superior, bringing a printing-press and type, which were put into operation among the Shawanoes, by direction of the Board. Rev. Robert and Mrs. Simerwell had closed the work at Carey and accompanied a large number of Putawatomies to the Missouri, and there devoted to them their energies. Besides instructing, Mr. S. had prepared for them a hymn-book in their own language, which was printed at the Shawanoe Mission Station. Mr. McCoy had the privilege of introducing him to white men at Fort Leavenworth, whose favor would be helpful.

He was out again on a surveying tour of a month, of which he made the following notes:

"Wolf river was so narrow that a large fallen tree, which lay across it, served as a bridge, over which we transported our baggage; but the water was swimming-deep, and the banks so steep and muddy that it was exceedingly difficult to get our horses across. We placed some men on each side, and then tied a long rope to the horse's bridle, the end of which was held by the men on the opposite bank; the horse was then forced down a steep bank into the water, which was rather an alarming plunge to the poor animal. When he commenced swimming, the men who held the rope commenced pulling him to the only place where it was possible for him to get out. Having reached the opposite shore, it required long and repeated efforts of the horse, and the no less violent efforts of the men who were pulling at the ropes, to get him up the bank. This proved to be a laborious task before we got all across.

"During this summer," he says, "missionary operations progressed with increasing interest, both among the Shawanoes and Delawares. Many among both tribes learned to read in their own languages, and the publishing and distributing among them of small books, which many had become able to read, promised a happy result."

At this time the resignation of a missionary, following that of others and from a similar cause, discouragement, led him to the following most appropriate reflections: "Missions to the Indians are unpopular things, and he who does not possess resources within himself to work alone, or with few associates, to sow much and reap little, to work hard without the reward of worldly honor, or money, to remain poor all his life for the sake of making the almost friendless Indians rich, and to wait for his pay until he shall get to heaven, had better not enter on a mission to the Indians."

In the want of printing facilities adequate to the publishing of a semi-monthly periodical, he resolved to undertake the publication of an annual, entitled "The Annual Register of Indian Affairs within the Indian Territory." This periodical, four numbers of which lie before the author, presented a succinct account of the several tribes, their habits and habitations, condition and claims, with discussions of the general subject; all of which evince thorough information and close reflection, as also an interest in the neglected savages that surpasses most other instances of devotion to man, on record. He prepared the matter amidst great disadvantages, and published and circulated the first number gratuitously.

At the close of the year 1834 he was in almost destitute circumstances, his commission from the Government having expired, and he called upon the missionaries to make themselves acquainted with his pecuniary affairs, in the hope that a knowledge of the same would go abroad and secure relief. This resort was disappointing, "and a painful anxiety respecting support was continued."

Hope for the progress of the missions, however, especially when realized, served as an antidote for all ills, and while the above-mentioned privation was being experienced, a good reinforcement for the work among the Creeks arrived, viz., Rev. David B. Rollin and Mrs. Rollin, from the Tonawanda mission, New York, where they had labored for six years, and with them Miss Rice and Miss Colburn. Soon after this cheering event was another of similar character—the arrival of Mr. Ramsey D. Potts and wife in the Choctaw

country, who, it will be remembered, were united in marriage at Carey. Mr. Potts had been converted since his marriage, and was appointed by the Government as teacher; so that now Mrs. Potts (formerly Miss Purchase) could fully identify herself again with the work of missions, and both be very useful in a noble enterprise. Other accessions to the force for the Choctaws, at about the same time, were Dr. and Mrs. Alanson Allen, Rev. Eber, and Mrs. Tucker.

On March 1, 1835, the first number of a newspaper in the Shawanoe language was printed by Mr. Lykins, at the Shawanoe mission-house. It was named *Shauwau-nowe Kesauthwau* — Shawanoe Sun, and was the first ever published in an Indian language. Many of this tribe had become readers of their own language, and, having a deep interest in the little sheet, contributed matter for its columns. A system of phonetics had been introduced which, as it was thought, greatly facilitated the learning and the writing of their rude language, and that of other tribes as well. Mr. Davis, the half-breed, by invitation, went from his people, the Creeks, to Shawanoe station, and remained there three months, during which time he and Mr. Lykins compiled a schoolbook in Choctaw, and translated into that language the Gospel of John, both of which were printed. A wagon was furnished for transporting the books on the return south.

XVII.

Hopes Deferred — *SERVING TABLES; LONG TERM IN WASHINGTON; LOW-TONED NOTES; WITH CONGRESS AGAIN; MARRIAGES.*

MR. AND MRS. McCOY labored hard with their hands for the means of living, for some time. He cultivated a little land; also, under stress of circumstances, posted books for a neighboring store, and took a few boarders. This necessity of turning aside from religious work caused them a severe trial and rendered them unhappy; the more so because the need for laborers was great, and he was, at the time, importuning the Board for twenty missionaries. Finally, they resolved to abandon all business that might interfere with missionary work, and devote themselves to the latter until they "had consumed the last article of furniture or property which was necessary to common convenience in living."

The regret manifested in respect to these matters was not unlike that felt by them during a considerable part of their career among the Indians. They never lost sight of the object for which they left civilized life, and so often and so far as their attention was diverted from this—the salvation of the souls of the aborigines—to the same extent they were

unsatisfied. They looked upon the most that they did for fifteen or more years as absolutely essential to the main end, though preliminary. They felt that the period of preparation would be greatly shortened if sympathy could be obtained in a larger degree. To be compelled to serve tables, because of the neglect of the great denomination to which they belonged to send help, was deranking to one called to the ministry of the Word.

And while none could regret the necessity more keenly than did Mr. McCoy, how it must have added to the pain to know that he was being complained of for doing what he would gladly have left undone, had it been at all practicable to leave it. But the Board under whose wing he was laboring did not furnish men or means to put the enterprise on a good footing, nor did it, for much of the time, cordially approve of his measures. It did not seem to understand Indian Missions; it was far away from the seat of operations, and did not send anyone to look into them for a score of years, notwithstanding that the missionaries requested a visit. The Government did better; it furnished means, and commissioners to inspect the situation of affairs on the ground.

This seeming estrangement was increased after the seat of the Board was transferred from Washington to Boston. The people "down East" did not like the "boarding school" among Indians, though it was popular among themselves. Neither did Mr. McCoy like it, except as an antecedent to a spiritual house—a taming measure, to enable him to gain the soul, and meantime promote the natives in knowledge and virtue.

He looked back to his earlier work as the most satisfactory, in immediate good. After becoming settled at Carey, and confidence in the enterprise had been secured, supplies were sent in to an encouraging extent; progress was made in agriculture and the common arts of life, and morals and religion steadily gained place. But he had a herculean task to perform, and was intensely anxious that it might be accomplished. It was nothing less than the removal and happy settlement, in the farther West, of the tribes east of the Mississippi; a project that engaged the attention of philanthropists and statesmen throughout the land. He was at the very front, and must devise and execute, lead and organize. No one could have been more anxious than was he to bring this part of the campaign to an end, so that he might have more time for the other—the spiritual part.

In the summer of 1835 the missionaries became much discouraged because of the fewness of their number, and partly on account of the scarcity of clothing and other articles needed by the schools. The changes that had taken place in the general affairs, especially the location, had diverted the minds of those previously furnishing supplies. And Mr. McCoy was besought to travel for the procurement of things needed. But this plan, as also the appealing to the public in any manner, except through the Board, was disapproved in Boston. Yet, the official letter of Dr. Bolles declining to approve, contained authority for him to visit Washington again the next winter, with expenses to be defrayed by the Board; the decision to be made by himself as to the propriety of so doing.

Winter came, and on the 6th of January, 1836, he set off on his annual pilgrimage to the capital. But it was with poor health, and with a heavy heart, on account of the many sad bereavements that had occurred during his absences, and the weight of care thus devolving upon his wife. His journal begins: "Mrs. McCoy consented to take the management of our little matters at home, under great disadvantages, in order that I might go, because the interests of the cause, to the promotion of which we have consecrated our lives, obviously required it"—words requiring no comment. In crossing the Ohio river in the night on the ice, he fell and injured his right shoulder, from which injury he never fully recovered. It was exceedingly cold weather, and he traveled three weeks on horseback before he reached a stage that was running.

His influence with Congress was at its height. Important movements were on foot relating to the Ottawas, and he was permitted audience with the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs, resulting in amendments of the treaty, and provision for their residence in the Indian Territory after five years. "I was exceedingly gratified," he wrote, "to find some very objectionable features in the treaty corrected by the Senate, especially such as would have subjected them to a lingering decline as a people, while the merciless crew which hover about Indians who have money coming to them, like buzzards about a carcass, would have picked them bare."

It was a term of much excitement in Washington, respecting Indian affairs. The "Cherokee Case" was

engaging popular attention beyond precedent or example. The occasion for judicious action was so apparent and pressing that Rev. B. T. Welch, D. D., a prince among Baptists at the time, went to the capital to aid in counsel. As in most instances, something was accomplished, but Mr. McCoy returned with only partial satisfaction, reaching home the last of July, after an absence of nearly seven months. The Government had requested him to make other surveys of boundaries, but in order to serve the cause in more important particulars, at Washington, he had intrusted that work to another, and so sacrificed the income that his family much needed. For two years he had been without stipulated pay, and was deeply in debt.

Some circumstances seemed to be unfavorable to progress at this time, calling for Mr. McCoy's deepest sympathy and intervention. As he could do what no other person could, he made a journey to the Delaware Mission to aid in quieting an almost fatal disaffection arising from an imaginary line drawn between a "Christian party" and a "pagan party." Mr. and Mrs. Lykins were out of health, and obliged to seek recuperation in Michigan and Indiana. Mr. Meeker's health failed also, and this stopped progress in printing. The bad conduct of a school teacher brought odium upon all the laborers in the Creek country, causing a temporary arrest of labor there and the withdrawal of the missionaries. After nearly one year of suspension, during which time a full and satisfying correspondence was carried on between the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the Board, and

Mr. McCoy, the latter was asked to attend to the matter of securing the return of the teachers. Thus it was, from year to year, he carried others' troubles, interceded with Government, and vindicated the Christian cause at Washington, and the missionary policy at Boston. Such perseverance! Such heart and hope, while others fainted and fell away from the standard to which they once courageously rallied! Sickness and bereavement, oft repeated, did not cause him to seek another sphere. He loved not his own life unto the death.

The circumstances at this time were very discouraging in the missions of the several tribes, and were keenly felt by the missionaries and by the Board. Dr. Bolles, corresponding secretary, wrote: "Whether we shall ever be able, amidst the adverse influences which pervert the Indians and render them hostile to their best friends and to measures for their improvement, finally to do them permanent good, is more and more doubtful." The mission journal apostrophizes thus: "What is to be done when clouds of obstacles thicken around us? Shall we give up all for lost, and sit down in despair? No! Lord, help us to hold on to the work of Indian Reform with both hands, and should they, by adverse matters, become tied so that we can not use them, let us cling to the subject in any way by which it can be reached, and should we be forced from it beyond the reach of efficient effort, let us die with eyes directed towards this wretched race, and hearts praying to Thee to show them mercy."

Amid affairs that justified such low-toned notes, a loved daughter, Mrs. Ward, came from her married, to her parental, home, that father and mother might

have "the painful satisfaction of her society in her last illness." And at this sad juncture "matters again seemed imperiously to call him to Washington." The exigency "required more fortitude than could be collected from earth. For many weeks," continues Mr. McCoy, "we sought direction from heaven by prayer, and the painful separation was deferred for eight days after all things were in readiness for my departure. Our daughter understood the urgency of the call for me to leave her, and from regard to the interests of that cause which lay near all our hearts, she cheerfully consented to give me the parting hand a few days before she extended it to others. I left home on the 17th of December, 1836. I saw her no more—she died on the 10th of February . . . .

"My journey eastward was commenced in inclement weather, and attended with difficulty the whole distance of sixteen hundred miles. Across the state of Missouri I traveled sometimes on horseback and sometimes in the stage. December 20, and the nights preceding and following, the mail-carrier lay by on account of the severity of the cold storm on the prairies. Twice I found great difficulty in crossing the Missouri on the ice. I reached St. Louis by a circuitous route of fourteen days' journey. Stages were not running in the states of Illinois and Indiana, and by some means the quantity of ice in the Mississippi diminished so much as to induce boats to run. I took one, but shortly it was obstructed by ice so that passengers were compelled to abandon it. By the hiring of horses I reached Louisville in eleven days after I left the boat. I reached Washington after a wintry journey of more

than five weeks, on which I had been twice upset in the stage."

During this visit to the capital, which was by advice of the Board, and at its expense, Mr. McCoy was the means of securing a treaty in behalf of the Putawatomies, two delegations of whom were in the city. It was stipulated that a country on the Osage river, within the Indian Territory, should be conveyed to them by patent. This provided for hopeful missionary work among them. But the bill for organizing the territory, the most important of all, was not brought to a vote.

On his return, and while yet eighty miles from home, he was prostrated by what seemed to be fatal sickness, and it became necessary for Mrs. McCoy and their son to go to him and to convey him on to the journey's end in a carriage. Missionary affairs had improved. Some Shawanoe and Delaware converts had been baptized, and teaching in the Indian language had been prosecuted with success. Besides, the anxiety of the missionaries for instructions to select a tract in the territory for a seat of government had been gratified, and Mr. McCoy and others, including his son Calvin, made a tour of thirteen days in the wilderness for observation and choice of a site. Mr. and Mrs. Lykins soon returned from a long absence, with health somewhat improved, and, all in all, there now was ground for encouragement.

The "romance of missions" was experienced in the Indian work in many ways. Persons entering the service met those who had been allotted to them, providentially, as companions for life. Marriages oc-

curred, as they now do in Mission lands, to those who went out single and with simplicity of purpose to do the Lord's work. Meeting those with whom they were of one heart and one soul, as shown by their individual choices of vocation and proven in an intimate acquaintance in a secluded missionary home, they consummated the oneness by marriage. Thus they needed to change neither sky nor mind, but to continue in the service of the Red Men, and in a more fully united way.

The first (17th of March, 1825) was that of Mr. Robert Simerwell, from Philadelphia, to Miss Fanny Goodridge, from Lexington, Kentucky, after each had been in the mission for some time. A second (June 7, 1827), that of Mr. R. D. Potts, United States Indian Agent, who had resided many months in the mission families, to Miss L. Purchase, "one of the last remnants," says Mr. McCoy, "of a tribe of Massachusetts Indians, who had, however, no knowledge of Indian language or manners. She was intelligent, and well educated in English, and felt a great desire to be the instrument of good to the suffering aborigines." And although her marriage dissolved the relation she then sustained to the Board, her life was spent among her race and for their good. Mr. Potts was stationed for a time at Fort Wayne, then, with his wife, he returned to Grand River and became teacher of the school there. "He became religious and was baptized, and some time afterwards obtained from Government an appointment as school teacher to the Choctaws, within the Indian Territory." Mr. and Mrs. Potts, to a late date, were laboring successfully as missionaries.

The marriage of greatest importance took place February 27, 1828. It was that of Mr. Johnston Lykins, afterwards ordained to the Christian ministry, to Miss Delilah, eldest daughter of the head missionary, Mr. McCoy. The tie thus formed cemented the main men in heart and life, and extended its benefits throughout all the operations of the mission.

Rev. Jotham Meeker was married to Miss Eleanor Richardson, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who entered the service in 1828. She had retired from the mission in 1829 and returned to Cincinnati, where, her health having improved, her marriage took place, September, 1830. With her husband she returned immediately to the work at Thomas, with which both of them were familiar.

Miss Cynthia Brown, who came from the state of Maine with Mr. and Mrs. Moses Merrill to the work in northern Michigan, and thence to the Otoes, was married to Mr. Reuben Mercer in August, 1836. Her three years of devotion to the good of the Otoes, with the toil that preceded, and her consecration to the cause of the Omahas after marriage, which discontinued her relation to the Board, fully attested the sincerity of her purpose.

Rev. Chandler Curtis, appointed to the Cherokees, found the obstructions so formidable that he left them the second year and went to the Shawanoes. He was there married to Miss Mary A. Colburn, a teacher of excellent record, from the Creek nation. They left that station for the Omahas, three hundred miles northwest, stopping at Mr. Merrill's, among the Otoes, where they remained for the winter, though Mr. Curtis went forward to arrange for settlement.

Rev. Francis Barker, appointed a missionary, and Miss Elizabeth F. Churchill, a teacher, both to the Shawanoes, in 1839, were united in marriage toward the close of the first year.

XVIII.

Manifold Service—*AVERTING DISASTERS; USING THE PEN; THE COUNCIL HOUSE; HARD TRIPS; ANYTHING FOR THE GOOD OF THE INDIANS.*

MR. McCOY'S friendliness for the defrauded and debased people of the forest was a marvel of the period in which he lived. The perseverance with which he strove for their good, amid dire distresses, ranks high among the wonders of missionary endurance. Nearly every other person who entered the Indian service, whether man or woman, and of whatever denomination, found its hardships to be greater than could be borne. Sickness seemed to be a sufficient reason for quitting the field, yet Mr. McCoy, the hero, who had severer experiences in this respect than had anyone else, only asked the Great Physician to raise him, in his recurring attacks, that he might give a little more time to his loved, but hard employ.

He could bear ingratitude from the Indians, and their attempts upon himself and his camp when abroad on duty, there being some whose appreciation was equally certain, and whose improvement was gratifying. But the baseness of the whites was something that aggravated him continually, and would

have worn him out had it been possible to exhaust such a firm and resourceful nature.

In the winter just reviewed an insidious attempt was made by a speculator to get a lease of a large central tract in the territory of the Delawares, one mile square. The consent of the Government being necessary, he, by artful and winning speech, induced four of the tribe—two of them chiefs—to accompany him to Washington. Annuities were asked in advance, to defray the expenses of the delegation. The Department of Indian Affairs readily saw the consequences of yielding territory to white adventurers, even temporarily, and the scheme failed. What should the delegation do then, except to turn to their tried friend, also in Washington, for means with which to return? He, ever ready to "spend and be spent," paid their expenses back to the West, and the tribe, grateful for their deliverance, reimbursed him at a council following.

In the summer (1837) he resorted again to his pen. He first put in circulation a pamphlet of fifty-two pages on Baptist Missions in the Indian Territory, which was printed on the Shawanoe press, and widely circulated at his own expense. It was characterized by the clearness and breadth of view manifest in other documents. This was followed soon by the third number of the "Annual Register of Indian Affairs," in which he pleaded for measures that should put the country into possession of facts, as distinguished from the fanciful writings with which the states had been flooded.

His heart was likewise encouraged by what ap-

peared to be an improved placing of laborers. Mr. Meeker, after ten years of work for the Shawanoes, went to the Ottawas, whose language he had acquired, and whose interests had engaged his mind and heart for a long time. Mr. J. G. Pratt, of Massachusetts, had arrived, by appointment of the Board, and taken charge of the printing-office, thus releasing Mr. Meeker. Their wives, too, should be mentioned as factors in the new work. About the same time Mr. and Mrs. Simerwell assumed the cause of the Putawatomies, just located in the Indian Territory. "This was an event," says Mr. McCoy, "to which we had long looked with deep solicitude. We considered this station to be a continuation of the Carey mission transplanted from Michigan." It was long in finding its location west of the Missouri, on account of the slowness of that "large body," the Government, in appointing a dwelling-place for those of the tribe who had come from the region of the lakes.

In June of the same year, 1837, Mr. McCoy was asked by Government to bring to the consideration of the respective tribes its plan for organizing the Indian Territory; or, a bill for that purpose which, in various forms, had been before Congress for several years. It being drawn up in the form of law, it could not be understood by a people who not only were without law, but who had no word in any of their languages that conveyed the idea of law. Hence another of the multiform "missionary" labors was imposed upon him, the most suitable man; it was the preparation of a document to accompany the bill that would bring it within the grasp of the ordinary

Indian mind. This having been done, he made a visitation to the tribal councils.

The first thing to be done at a council is to place the tobacco on the floor, in the center. During the proceedings anyone uses, at pleasure, and at the close a man is appointed to divide the remainder among the members. The council-house is an institution with the aborigines that can not well be separated from the tribal life. It may be known in its general features by the description of the one in which Mr. McCoy met the Shawanoes, on this memorable occasion:

It is a hewn log building, erected by themselves, about thirty feet wide and eighty feet long, and one story high. It contains one apartment only, without either upper or under floor. There is a door in each end, but no window except three small holes on each side, about as high as a man's head when seated, resembling the apertures for the use of small arms in a blockhouse. Openings in the roof allow the smoke of the fires on the earth, in the center, to escape. The roof is a kind of very ordinary shingling with boards. The only seat is a continuation of hewn logs, laid along the walls. The sides of the building are kept in place by cross beams, resting upon two rows of wooden pillars. On one side of one of the pillars, nearest one of the doors, is carved in relievo the figure of a rattlesnake, about five feet long; and on the other side, the likeness of a snake without the rattle. On two opposite sides of one of the pillars, nearest the other door, are carved, in relievo also, uncouth resemblances of the human face, somewhat larger than life, partially painted, and with a twist of tobacco tied to the pillar, crossing immediately above each figure. On each of two opposite sides of a pillar, in the interior, is

carved, as above, the figure of a turtle, colored, so as to increase its resemblance to the living animal. Metal is inserted for eyes; from which, on the late occasion, I discovered a person wiping the dust, and increasing their brilliancy by rubbing.

The Osages, inhabiting a section commencing twenty-five miles west of Missouri, and numbering, in 1840, five thousand and five hundred, excited the compassion of Mr. McCoy to a special degree. Sympathy was the supreme element of his being, and in them it found an object. They had been neglected, even more than had many of the other tribes. Also, they had been imposed upon by traders, while missionaries who had labored for them had abandoned them, and their condition was deplorable indeed.

The treaty granting them aid in agriculture had not been kept, and their principal mode of subsistence was the buffalo-hunt, often a bootless, if not a perilous adventure. In their desperation they encroached upon the settlements of white people, by whom they were roughly repulsed. The citizens on the frontiers combined against them; an army of militia scoured the border, and when any were found, even if only crouching for a piece of bread, they were conducted across the line and severely flogged. Witnessing their distressful condition, Mr. McCoy appealed to the whites to forbear further force, and he would appeal to the Government for relief. He could not check the atrocities by such persuasion, but he did secure the intervention of the Department of Indian Affairs. Congress took the matter into consideration, and, not stopping with an appropriation for immediate and partial

relief, it provided for unconditional benefits of a humane and permanent character.

It was at the time when this depredation and the consequent distress were in progress (1837), that Mr. McCoy visited some of the tribes in the South, to lay before them the plan for organizing the territory. His hope of doing something for the Osages caused him to take a Delaware youth, educated in their language, but the difficulties had closed the door, and he found a place of usefulness for him in a neighboring tribe. This journey of three to four hundred miles was rapidly made, on account of pressure of business at home.

On the 2d of February, 1838, Mr. McCoy started eastward again, on the usual errand of benefit to the Indian cause. His experiences in traveling are best told by himself: "On this tour I suffered extremely with cold in crossing the vast prairies of Illinois, in what were termed stages, which were open road-wagons without seats. I was the only passenger for more than three days and nights, because few traveled, on account of the cold and the bad state of the roads. To the clothing common for traveling in the most severe weather I added two blankets. I had mittens of the buffalo skin, with the hair-side in. Notwithstanding all this, the ends of nearly all my fingers were frostbitten, which happened when using my hands in wrapping my clothing about me. The cold affected my eyes until they inflamed and became very troublesome. On account of ice, I found much difficulty and encountered some risk in crossing the Missouri and Mississippi rivers."

He submitted to the Department of Indian Affairs

a corrected map of the Indian Territory, also a petition from the Putawatomies, the first of the kind emanating with Indians, for a subdivision of their lands in severalty, so far as needed for immediate occupancy. While the latter did not fully succeed, important impressions were made. And his heart was made glad that the bill for organizing the territory passed the Senate, almost unanimously, after great speeches on each side of the question. Rev. Doctor Welch visited Washington at the time, to add his influence in favor of Indian interests. Mr. McCoy was absent four months. Thus he was permitted to make his return late in the spring.

The Cherokees, perhaps the most powerful or influential tribe, established an annual general council of the tribes. It was looked upon with doubt and suspicion, and the Delawares and Shawanoes, with others, naturally sought advice from their best friend, the missionary, as to attending it. He gave his influence in its favor, and showed his interest in it by providing for two needy delegates of the Ottawas horses to ride and money for expenses.

Another effort was made, Mr. McCoy being prime mover, to induce the Putawatomies of the lake country to immigrate to the West. Mr. Lykins undertook the delicate and difficult task, and was absent among them for six months, but prevailing sickness, including the protracted and almost fatal illness of himself, together with mischievous misrepresentations by white people, defeated the object.

In the summer of 1838 the Government sought to realize fully its designs as to organizing the Indian

Territory. It chose the acting superintendent and Mr. McCoy to bring the same before the southern tribes, speaking of the latter as specially qualified, "from his agency in originating the measure, and thus far prosecuting it to a successful issue." The honor of "originating the measure" is thus officially declared, and its adoption by the Government necessarily implied.

Taking a hired man, Mr. McCoy left home September 18, and was absent six weeks. They drove a packhorse for the purpose of transporting tent and supplies, and had the ordinary privations. Captain Armstrong, the agent, having been left behind, sick, Mr. McCoy proceeded to the Choctaws, and met them in council. He did not find full confidence in the Government, yet, while slow to accept its proposition, they had organized themselves into a "nation" similar to that of the United States, "the first instance among the aboriginal tribes of America of self-government, divested of the barbarous customs which belong to the savage state." This had occurred soon after the United States had undertaken to organize an Indian government.

On reaching his home he found a delegation of Delawares awaiting him, having a resolution in hand from a large majority of the tribe, adopted in council, declaring that they would enact laws for their benefit, and would begin with the one most needed—one against intemperance. Their agent did not encourage them in this, and they felt his course to be a cold rebuff of a sincere purpose to reform. But their ever-faithful friend helped them to rise from their desponding mood. He prepared the proper documents for them, and they

went to work with a will. And although such a radical change was scarcely possible at once, yet the effort and elation attending it "had a happy effect for many months in diminishing the evil of intemperance."

The following winter was another one of special trial, yet just such as he had experienced more than once. It was again necessary for him to go to Washington, leaving a dying daughter in the care of his heartbroken wife. "All concerned concurred in opinion that the calls of Indian interests were so loud, and distinct, and affecting, as to require the sacrifice of separation." He had not forgotten the consecration vows of himself and Mrs. McCoy, which embraced everything, and had not ceased to be a controlling motive with him, nor with her. The tenderness of his heart, and the sincerity of his domestic affections, were one element of fitness for his calling, while they also became an occasion for intenser suffering than he might have undergone had he been differently constituted. His work was abroad, mostly, and he must go or leave it undone. And his absences naturally became an equally severe trial to her who was his full counterpart in the mission and the home. Their parting from each other at the deathbed of this, their youngest daughter, was scarcely less sorrowful than his last adieu to the one departing to the other world. His

NOTE.—Mrs. McCoy died in the year 1851. They had thirteen children. The last to die, John Calvin McCoy,was one of fourteen who laid out Kansas City, Missouri, of which city he ever afterward was a leading and honored citizen, and in which he was laid to rest with unusual honor, September, 1889. With him this pioneer family, every member of which entered in some degree into frontier experiences, ceased from earth. It has descendants, however, and numerous relatives in the South, West, and central West.

dear Eleanor (Mrs. Donohoe) died before he arrived at Washington. She was the tenth child of whom they had been bereaved, and all after they had become missionaries.

While at the capital Mr. McCoy's influence was efficacious in securing the restitution of a teacher and mission property in the Creek country, which had been displaced by a United States agent. Just before, during a rage of smallpox in several of the tribes, which, for want of thorough and systematic vaccination, threatened the extinction of some of them, he secured the adoption of measures by the Department of Indian Affairs that arrested the progress of the disease and bid fair to prevent its recurrence. He prevented a serious collision of tribes, by his influence with the same department, and changed the views of the savages respecting the practice of vengeance. He felt the demand for this manifold service; there seemed to be no other one so thoughtful, so kind, so forceful. While his heart had been fixed upon evangelical work, from the beginning, he could not leave necessary work undone, and his life wore away in meeting calls for such deeds as have been narrated. He was great in his goodness.

In the latter part of the year he directed the location of a party of Chippewas, from Michigan, and a tour of exploration, with a view to the permanent location of the Winnebagoes, while scarcely able, on account of sickness, to go from home. Emigration appeared to have become popular with Indians in the East, and a delegation of Wyandotts, from Ohio, paid their respects to the missionary, followed by a second, and were aided

in their negotiations for a place with the Shawanoes. A band of the Stockbridge Indians, of Wisconsin Territory, also emigrated, and called on Mr. McCoy for guidance in procuring a home; and finding their treaty defective they applied to him to intercede for them to obtain an amendment. Who should do all these things for the helpless and hapless sons of the forest, if not he who had the influence and knowledge, and was laying down his life for them.

XIX.

Last Years—*ORGANIZING FOR GREATER THINGS; EULOGY AND EPITAPH.*

THE career of this extraordinary man terminated naturally and gracefully in literary and official service for the Indian cause. He was not a man to be dismayed by obstacles in the field, nor to be disheartened by indifference at home. He could bear the latter, the severest of strains upon a missionary's mind, without himself becoming discouraged. The subject of "Indian Reform," his own name for the whole work of redeeming the aborigines from temporal and eternal destruction, was constantly studied and thoroughly understood by him. He knew the difficulties, as weak-hearted persons in the churches and States did not, yet swerved not from the original purpose to devote himself and all he possessed to its prosecution.

After more than twenty years as field marshal of a denomination he could not organize nor command, but only advise, the natural term of such service drew toward a close. He then assumed the part of the noblest veterans in missionary work generally—became a special advocate of the cause thus served. With broken health, but with unbroken spirit, not

crushed by repeated disappointments nor by unrequited love, he applied the powers of his mind to influencing the Baptists, North and South, in behalf of the Indians.

He had kept a journal through his entire, eventful life, and from the material it contained he composed a large volume of six hundred pages. Its detail of experiences through which he passed, and of discoveries made, is one of the most thrilling narratives in Western literature. Much may be learned from it as to the life, characteristics, customs, and treatment of the savages in the early part of the present century. No other book gives so many and so interesting particulars concerning the decaying tribes of the West, and a second edition not having been printed, a copy of it is a rare and valued possession. Its title is "A History of Baptist Indian Missions. 1840." He wrote clearly, tersely, and graphically. His pamphlet of seventy-two pages on "The Practicability of Indian Reform," published in 1829, shows great breadth of understanding and strength of conviction. If the public were not convinced, it was not for want of facts and arguments from his pen.

For years he had endeavored to induce the Triennial Convention to establish a department or board of Indian Missions, but without success. His agitation of the subject, however, resulted in a meeting in Louisville, Kentucky, in June, 1842, "for the purpose of deciding on the propriety of forming, in the valley of the Mississippi, an American Indian Mission Association." It being a side-meeting, at the anniversary of the Western Baptist Publication and Sunday-School Society, it

could only take steps for a general call, which was extended, and a convention held in Cincinnati in October, same year.

This convention was quite large, representative, and strong. The principal part of the members were from the central West, yet strong men of the East were present, in person or by letters of commendation of the object. Mr. McCoy was ready with necessary papers and documents, and the organization was easily effected and set in motion, himself being made corresponding secretary and agent.

He at once addressed an affectionate, wise letter to the Board of the Triennial Convention, mentioning the new movement in terms of deference, and submitting to it the propriety of transferring to the new body "the duty of originating and sustaining missions among the American Indians." This was practically done, and he entered upon a new form of work for the same great enterprise, and with a freedom not before enjoyed. The sentiment of the denomination in the West was with him, and his youth seemed to be renewed as he took the pen and portfolio for a closing period of a great life.

Of his fitness for the office Dr. Howard Malcom voiced the feeling of such men as Spencer H. Cone, Rufus Babcock, John L. Dagg and many others in the East: "Providence has preserved to us the great and good man who devised for us and led us in this stupendous movement"—that which "did more for the Indians," he said, "than has been done for them since the landing of the Pilgrims. We may still enjoy the advantage of his unequaled experience,

his influence at Washington, and his entire devotion to this cause."

Mr. McCoy settled in Louisville, Ky., as that city had become the headquarters of the new "American Indian Mission Association." From that center went forth the annual reports, which, with addresses to the denomination and the public, all from his hand, were models of thought and expression, and were thoroughly transfused with that benevolent spirit which characterized all his doing. His entire being seemed to be enlisted in the great struggle for improving the affairs of the Indians. Men and women were commissioned and sent to the field, including some of his own relatives, whom he would not spare when so much needed. His daughter, Mrs. Lykins, continued and died on the field. A niece, Miss Eliza McCoy, inspired no doubt by the noble example of his life, devoted herself to the same cause, taking with her a beloved and consecrated schoolmate, Miss Sarah A. Osgood, whose dust reposes in the land whither she went—at Wea Mission Station, Paola, Kansas.

The picture here given represents the cemetery at Wea Mission station, with three missionaries and some of their native pupils. Rev. David Lykins and his wife appear at the left side, while Miss Eliza McCoy stands upon the right, leaning upon the headstone of the grave of her cherished friend and co-worker, Miss Osgood. There is a tearful interest to the scene, especially in the minds of those who have followed

NOTE.—Prof. Calvin McCormick has written and published a faithful and loving tribute to Eliza McCoy. In a second volume on Indian Missions the author of this expects to memorialize many others and carry forward the history.

IN THE BLESSED HOPE.

the history of the humble and loving service of those represented. They bore commissions from the hand of Isaac McCoy, and one spirit dwelt in them all.

There were but four years of this special service left to him, as secretary and agent, ere he was called to his reward. "On the first of June, 1846, he preached in Jeffersonville, and, on returning to Louisville, was caught in a shower, in consequence of which he took a cold which brought on a fever that terminated his life. He died on the 21st of June, after an illness of a little less than three weeks, in the sixty-third year of his age."—*Sprague.*

"In person he was tall and slender, stooping considerably as he walked, but sometimes rising to erectness in his more animated addresses. His utterances were rapid and earnest, and in portraying the wrongs to which our aborigines have been subjected, he often became pathetic and eloquent."—*Babcock.*

He was not without the experience common to such original and forceful characters in their relation to the managing boards. His views and proceedings were not always in harmony with the predominant feelings of the Board, yet a larger sympathy with the object he sought might have assured a complete unity of action. He was obliged to contend with a conviction on the part of some of the members that the mission was not so very important, because the Indian race was doomed to extinction. It required men of abounding charity and courage to keep him from being discontinued. Yet for a large part of the time the Board expended nothing for the mission except what was designated to it. If ever

there was occasion for heroic fortitude, it was found in the case of the man who was linked to a Board which he honored, and which was continually trying his faith. He discovered its great opportunities in the West, while it seemed to behold greater in the East. He looked after its duties more than it looked after his dues.

"In the endeavor to adjust various difficulties," says Dr. Babcock, one of the committee on Indian Missions, "an excellent opportunity was afforded for learning Mr. McCoy's true character. Gradually but surely he arose in the esteem of us all, the various cross examinations to which he was subjected serving to bring out various good qualities which otherwise would have been unknown, at least to us. How yearning his love for the mission family—both the red and the pale faces, and what heroic toils and sacrifices he had been willing to submit to on their account! . . In my official relation to him as the head of the mission, in regard to the translation of the Scriptures into the language of the Putawatomies, he evinced a candor, humility, and truthfulness which won my highest confidence, and almost admiration. His path was environed with uncommon difficulties, and few would have more blamelessly discharged the various and sometimes almost incompatible duties demanded of him."

He did not acquire a complete knowledge of any Indian dialect, so constantly was his mind diverted from the course of study with which he started, on the Wabash. Of necessity, he developed in the line of management, and his teeming brain was prolific

of new measures. None regretted more than did he the lack of opportunity to perform direct evangelical labor, for which his ardent piety fitted him. He realized, however, that there are "diversities of operations" in the kingdom of grace, and he was willing to champion this unpopular cause, which prepared the way of the Lord. He was the forerunner of his denomination, and was far ahead.

In the life of Spencer H. Cone, by his two sons, Edward W. and Spencer W. Cone, are some paragraphs upon the friendship of Dr. Cone and Mr. McCoy, the David and Jonathan of the warfare in which they were interested. The authors turned aside to pay particular tribute to the missionary whom their father supported, against the indifference of the mass of the denomination, and whose support they regarded as one of his great merits. They say:

> Even after the astonishing successes achieved in the teeth of everything that would have disheartened a man less sanguine, or less faithful, no clear and hearty support was ever afforded him. It was the task of Spencer H. Cone, a task performed with ungrudging heartiness of faith and love, to stand between him and many who failed to comprehend the value of his services in the cause of missions, or the generous scope of his benevolence.
>
> Isaac McCoy was one of the most lovable men we ever had the happiness of being acquainted with. Living his whole life amongst wild Indian tribes, and wilder frontiersmen; living a life of exposure, vicissitude and hardships scarcely to be described; always in the saddle or the camp, and every day risking life and limb to preach the Gospel amongst those whom all the rest of the world seemed to conspire to destroy or forget—his mind and manners, in-

stead of becoming rude or hard in these rough uses and associations, grew, all the while, softer, holier, and more loving. Nothing could be finer than his manners. Never familiar, and carrying in his quiet eye an indescribable something which prevented anyone from ever being familiar with him, he never repelled. On the contrary, he attracted; children loved him. Men were compelled to feel, in his company, that they were near something good, kind and noble. The warm coloring of the heart tinged his words and manners, quiet as they were, in everything he did or said. If you had done anything true or good you knew he loved you for it. When he looked at you, you felt there was no selfish thought or scheme working in his mind; but that he was thinking what he could do for your benefit or happiness, or for the benefit of some poor soul that was in need of others' help and kindness.

Such words from cultured citizens of New York city, concerning one who had his rearing in the wild West, and whose traits had been impressed upon them through visits in their childhood home, are of the highest authentic value. They manifest the perception of the authors, and the nobility of the subject. Quoting farther:

One accustomed to distinguish between men, or observe with any nicety the shades of human character and human callings as developed in their manner, would, before they knew his occupation, have fancied Isaac McCoy habitually the denizen of a court. There could be no finer illustration of how much the heart has to do with the bearing and manner, than was shown in him, and it is, therefore, worthy to be recorded, as high evidence of the truth that a Christian gentleman is the most perfect gentleman in the world. When, as in Isaac McCoy, to a heart all love to man and

faith in God is added the warm glow of its passionate and eager longing after opportunity to do good to all men, elegance of manner comes to be but the reflection of a holy and universal benevolence.

Dr. Cone classed him with Elliot and Brainard, with "the sentiment deeply imprinted upon his heart" that he also would be remembered for what he had done. His name is less frequently mentioned, yet his service has not been exceeded in breadth of conception and persistence of performance by that of anyone in the whole rank of missionaries to the Indians. The Messrs. Cone also say:

> What men of the world would think a foolish honesty prevented Mr. McCoy from being a very rich man. At almost every cession of their lands to the United States by the Indian tribes, they insisted upon making it one of the conditions of the cession that he should receive a part of the land conveyed, and the expression of their desire would have ensured the prompt acquiescence of the government. But he invariably and peremptorily forbade it. His desire was for the soul of the Indian, not for his lands; and his knowledge of human nature taught him that the least appearance even of a selfish care of his own interests would destroy his usefulness amongst them as a missionary.

In an old cemetery in Louisville, Kentucky, known as the "Western Cemetery," now in the heart of the city, are many neglected old graves, and among them that of Isaac McCoy. "The slab at his head," writes a friend, "was intended for marble, but it is of inferior quality. It was with difficulty I could make out the inscription, which I inclose you herewith."

Rev. Isaac McCoy,

Born June 13, 1784.
Died June 21, 1836. (should be 1846).

For near thirty years his entire time and energies were devoted to the civil and religious improvement of the aboriginal tribes of this country. He projected and founded the plan of their colonization, their only hope, and the imperishable monument of his wisdom and benevolence.

The Indians' friend—for them he toiled through life;
For them in death he breathed his final prayer.
Now from his toil he rests—the care, the strife.
He waits in heaven, his works to follow there.

He left the world with his face toward the Indian country. His ruling idea was supreme in death. Rising above all ordinary considerations, this hero of the wilderness and the camp, not forgetting the object of his sufferings, nor ignoring the importance of that to which he had devoted his manhood and sacrificed his all, passed from this life to the next with this message on his lips: "Tell the brethren to never let the Indian mission decline."

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